

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE·QUASI·SEMPER·VICTURUS· VIVE·QUASI·CRAS·MORITURUS·

VOL. XIX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 30, 1886

No. 42.

Growth and Duty.

ORATION OF THE DAY

Delivered at the Forty-Second Annual Commencement of
the University of Notre Dame,

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What life is in itself we do not know, any more than we know what matter is in itself; but we know something of the properties of matter, and we also have some knowledge of the laws of life. Here it is sufficient to call attention to the law of growth, through which the living receive the power of self-development—of bringing their endowments into act, of building up the being which they are. Whatever living thing is strong or beautiful has been made so by growth, since life begins in darkness and impotence. To grow is to be fresh and joyous. Hence the spring is the glad time; for the earth itself then seems to renew its youth, and enter on a fairer life. The growing grass, the budding leaves, the sprouting corn, coming as with unheard shout from regions of the dead, fill us with happy thoughts, because in them we behold the vigor of life, bringing promise of higher things.

Nature herself seems to rejoice in this vital energy; for the insects hum, the birds sing, the lambs skip, and the very brooks give forth a merry sound. Growth leads us through Wonderland. It touches the germs lying in darkness, and the myriad forms of life spring to view; the mists are lifted from the valleys of death, and flowers bloom and shed fragrance through the air. Only the growing—those who each moment are becoming something more than they were—feel the worth and joyousness of life. Upon the youth nothing palls, for he is himself day by day rising into higher and wider worlds. To grow is to have faith, hope, courage. The boy who has become able to do what a while ago was impossible to him, easily believes that nothing is impossible; and as his powers unfold, his self-confidence is nourished; he exults in the consciousness of increasing strength, and

cannot in any way be made to understand the doubts and faint-heartedness of men who have ceased to grow. Each hour he puts off some impotence, and why shall he not have faith in his destiny, and feel that he shall yet grow to be poet, orator, hero, or what you will that is great and noble? And as he delights in life, we take delight in him.

In the same way a young race of people possesses a magic charm. Homer's heroes are barbarians, but they are inspiring, because they belong to a growing race, and we see in them the budding promise of the day when Alexander's sword shall conquer the world; when Plato shall teach the philosophy which all men who think must know; and when Pericles shall bid the arts blossom in a perfection which is the despair of succeeding generations. And so in the Middle Age there is barbarism enough, with its lawlessness and ignorance; but there are also faith, courage, strength, which tell of youth, and point to a time of mature faculty and high achievement. There is the rich purple dawn, which shall grow into the full day of our modern life.

And here in this New World we are the new people, in whose growth what highest hopes, what heavenly promises lie! All the nations which are moving forward are moving in directions in which we have gone before them—to larger political and religious liberty; to wider and more general education; to the destroying of privilege, and the disestablishment of State churches; to the recognition of the equal rights not only of all men, but of all men and women.

We also lead the way in the revolution which has been set in motion by the application of Science to mechanical purposes, one of the results of which is seen in the industrial and commercial miracles of the present century. It is our vigorous growth which makes us the most interesting and attractive of the modern peoples. For whether men love us, or whether they hate us, they find it impossible to ignore us, unless they wish to argue themselves unknown; and the millions who yearn for freedom and opportunity, turn first of all to us.

But observant minds, however much they may love America, however great their faith in popular

government may be, cannot contemplate our actual condition without a sense of disquietude; for there are aspects of our social evolution which sadden and depress even the most patriotic and loyal hearts. It would seem, for instance, that with us, while the multitude are made comfortable and keen-witted, the individual remains commonplace and weak; so that on all sides people are beginning to ask themselves what is the good of all this money and machinery, if the race of godlike men is to die out, or indeed if the result is not to be some nobler and better sort of man than the one with whom we have all along been familiar. Is not the yearning for divine men inborn? In the heroic ages such men were worshipped as gods, and one of the calamities of times of degeneracy is the dying out of faith in the worth of true manhood through the disappearance of superior men. Such men alone are memorable, and give to history its inspiring and educating power. The ruins of Athens and Rome, the cathedrals and castles of Europe, uplift and strengthen the heart, because they bid us reflect what thoughts and hopes were theirs who thus could build. How quickly kings and peasants, millionaires and paupers become a common, undistinguished herd! But the hero, the poet, the saint defy the ages, and remain luminous and separate, like stars. They

"Waged contention with their time's decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away."

The soul, which makes man immortal, has alone the power to make him beneficent and beautiful.

But in this highest kind of man, in whom soul—that is, faith, hope, love, courage, intellect—is supreme, we Americans, who are on the crest of topmost waves of the stream of tendency, are not rich. We have our popular heroes; but so has every petty people, every tribe its heroes. The dithyrambic prose in which it is the fashion to celebrate our conspicuous men has a hollow sound, very like cant. A marvellous development of wealth and numbers has taken place in America; but what American—poet, philosopher, scientist, warrior, ruler, saint—is there who can take his place with the foremost men of all this world? The American people seem still to be somewhat in the position of our new millionaires. Their fortune is above them, overshadows and oppresses them. They live in fine houses, and have common thoughts; they have costly libraries, and cheap culture; and their rich clothing poorly hides their coarse feeling. Nor does the tendency seem to be towards a nobler type of manhood.

The leaders of the Revolution, the framers of the Federal Constitution, the men who contented for State-rights, and still more those who led in the great struggle for human rights, were of stronger and nobler mould than the politicians who now crowd the halls of Congress. Were it not for the Pension Office, one might cherish the belief that in our civilization the soldier is doomed to extinction, and that the military hero will be known only to those who study the remains of a past geologic era. Even as things are, what a blessed country is not this, where generals, not to be idle, are re-

duced to the necessity of fighting their battles in the pages of sensational magazines—powder magazines being no longer needed, except for purposes of blasting! The promise of a literature, which, a generation ago, budded forth in New England, was, it appears, delusive. What a sad book is not that recently issued from the press on the poets of America! It is the chapter on snakes in Ireland, which we have all read—there are none. And are not our literary men whom it is possible to admire and love either dead, or old enough to die?

All this, however, need not be cause for discouragement, if, in the generations which are springing up around us, and which are soon to enter upon the scene of active life, we could discover the boundless confidence, the high courage, the noble sentiments, which make the faults of youth more attractive than the formal virtues of a maturer age. But youth seems about to disappear from human life, to leave only children and men. For a true youth the age of chivalry has not passed, nor has the age of faith, nor the age of poetry, nor the age of aught that is godlike and ideal. To our young men, however, high thoughts and heroic sentiments are what they are to a railroad president or a bank cashier—mere nonsense. Life for them is wholly prosaic, and without illusions. They transform ideas into interests, faith into a speculation, and love into a financial transaction. They have no vague yearnings for what cannot be; hardly have they any passions. They are cold and calculating. They deny themselves, and do not believe in self-denial; they are active, and do not love labor; they are energetic, and have no enthusiasm. They approach life with the hard, mechanical thoughts with which a scientist studies matter. Their one idea is success, and success for them is money. Money means power; it means leisure, it means self-indulgence, it means display; it means, in a word, the thousand comforts and luxuries which, in their opinion, constitute the good of life.

In aristocratic societies, the young have had a passion for distinction. They have held it to be an excellent thing to belong to a noble family, to occupy an elevated position, to wear the glittering badges of birth and of office. In ages of religious faith they have been smitten with the love of divine ideals; they have yearned for God, and given all the strength of their hearts to make His will prevail. But to our youth, distinction of birth is fictitious, and God is problematic; and so they are left face to face with material aims and ends; and of such aims and ends money is the universal equivalent.

Now, it could not ever occur to me to think of denying that the basis of human life, individual and social, is material. Matter is part of our nature; we are bedded in it, and by it are nourished. It is the instrument we must use even when we think and love, when we hope and pray. Upon this foundation our spiritual being is built; upon this foundation our social welfare rests. Concern for material interests is one of the chief causes of human progress; since nothing else so stimulates to effort, and effort is the law of growth. The

savage, who has no conception of money, but is satisfied with what nature provides, remains forever a savage. Habits of industry, of order, of punctuality, of economy and thrift, are, to a great extent, the result of our money-getting propensities. Our material wants are more urgent, more irresistible; they press more constantly upon us than any other; and those whom they fail to rouse to exertion are, as a rule, hopelessly given over to indolence and sloth. In the stimulus of these lower needs, then, is found the providential impulse which drives man to labor, and without labor welfare is not possible.

The poor must work, if they would drink and eat;
The weak must work, if they in strength would grow;
The ignorant must work, if they would know;
The sad must work, if they sweet joy would meet.

The strong must work, if they would shun defeat;
The rich must work, if they would flee from woe;
The proud must work, if they would upward go;
The brave must work, if they would not retreat.

So on all men this law of work is laid:

It gives them food, strength, knowledge, victory, peace;
It makes joy possible, and lessens pain;
From passion's lawless power it wins release,
Confirms the heart, and widens reason's reign;
Makes men like God, whose work can never cease.

Whatever enables man to overcome his inborn love of ease is, in so far, the source of good. Now, money represents what more than anything else has this stimulating power. It is the equivalent of what we eat and drink, of the homes we live in, of the comforts with which we surround ourselves; of the independence which makes us free to go here or there, to do this or that—to spend the winter where orange blossoms perfume the soft air, and the summer where ocean breezes quicken the pulse of life. It unlocks for us the treasures of the world, opens to our gaze whatever is sublime or beautiful; introduces us to the master-minds, who live in their works; it leads us where orators declaim, and singers thrill the soul with ecstasy. Nay, more, with it we build churches, endow schools, and provide hospitals and asylums for the weak and helpless. It is, indeed, like a god of this nether world, holding dominion over many spheres of life, and receiving the heart-worship of millions.

And yet if we make money and its equivalents a life-purpose—the aim and end of our earthly hopes—our service becomes idolatry, and a blight falls upon our nobler self. Money is the equivalent of what is venal—of all that may be bought or sold: but the best, the godlike, the distinctively human, cannot be bought or sold. A rich man can buy a wife, but not a woman's love; he can buy books, but not an appreciative mind; he can buy a pew, but not a pure conscience; he can buy men's votes and flattery, but not their respect. The money-world is visible, material, mechanical, external; the world of the soul, of the better self, is invisible, spiritual, vital. God's kingdom is within. What we have is not what we are; and the all-important thing is to be, and not to have. Our possessions belong to us only in a mechanical way. The poet's soul owns the stars and the moonlit

heavens, the mountains and rivers, the flowers and the birds more truly than a millionaire owns his bonds. What I know is mine, and what I love is mine; and as my knowledge widens and my love deepens, my life is enlarged and intensified. But, since all human knowledge is imperfect and narrow, the soul stretches forth the tendrils of faith and hope. Looking upon shadows, we believe in realities; possessing what is vain and empty, we trust to the future to bring what is full and complete.

All noble literature and life has its origin in regions where the mind sees but darkly; where faith is more potent than knowledge; where hope is larger than possession, and love mightier than sensation. The soul is dwarfed whenever it clings to what is palpable and plain, fixed and bounded. Its home is in worlds which cannot be measured and weighed. It has infinite hopes, and longings, and fears; lives in the conflux of immensities; bathes on shores where waves of boundless yearning break. Borne on the wings of time, it still feels that only what is eternal is real—that what death can destroy is even now but a shadow. To it all outward things are formal, and what is less than God is hardly anything. In this mysterious, supersensible world all true ideals originate; and such ideals are to human life as rain and sunshine to the corn, by which it is nourished.

What hope for the future is there, then, when the young have no enthusiasm, no heavenly illusions, no divine aspirations, no faith that man may become godlike, more than poets have ever imagined, or philosophers dreamed—when money, and what money buys, is the highest they know, and therefore the highest they are able to love—when even the ambitious among them set out with the deliberate purpose of becoming the beggars of men's votes; of winning an office, the chief worth of which, in their eyes, lies in its emoluments—when even the glorious and far-sounding voice of fame for them means only the gabble and cackle of notoriety?

The only example, which I can call to mind, of a historic people, whose ideals are altogether material and mechanical, is that of China. Are we, then, destined to become a sort of Chinese Empire, with three hundred millions of human beings, and not a divine man or woman?

Is what Carlyle says is hitherto our sole achievement—the bringing into existence of an almost incredible number of bores—is this to be the final outcome of our national life? Is the commonest man the only type which in a democratic society will in the end survive? Does universal equality mean universal inferiority? Are republican institutions fatal to noble personality? Are the people as little friendly to men of moral and intellectual superiority as they are to men of great wealth? Is their dislike of the millionaires but a symptom of their aversion to all who in any way are distinguished from the crowd? And is this the explanation of the blight which falls upon the imagination and the hearts of the young?

Ah! surely, we, who have faith in human nature,

who believe in freedom and in popular government, can never doubt what answer must be given to all these questions. A society which inevitably represses what is highest in the best sort of men is an evil society. A civilization which destroys faith in genius, in heroism, in sanctity, is the forerunner of barbarism. Individuality is man's noblest triumph over fate, his most heavenly assertion of the freedom of the soul; and a world in which individuality is made impossible is a slavish world. There man dwindles, becomes one of a multitude, the impersonal product of a general law, and all his godlike strength and beauty are lost. Is not one true poet more precious than a whole generation of millionaires; one philosopher of more worth than ten thousand members of Congress; one man who sees and loves God dearer than an army of able editors?

The greater our control of nature becomes, the more its treasures are explored and utilized, the greater the need of strong personality to counteract the fatal force of matter. Just as men in tropical countries are overwhelmed and dwarfed by nature's rich profusion, so in this age, in which industry and science have produced resources far beyond the power of unassisted nature, only strong characters, marked individualities, can resist the influence of wealth and machinery, which tend to make man of less importance than what he eats and wears, to make him subordinate to the tools he uses.

From many sides personality, which is the fountain-head of worth, genius and power, is menaced. The spirit of the time would deny that God is a person, and holds man's personality in slight esteem, as not rooted in the soul, but in aggregated atoms. And the whole social net-work, in whose meshes we are all caught, cripples and paralyzes individuality. We must belong to a party, to a society, to a ring, to a clique, and deliver up our living thought to these soulless entities. Or, if we remain aloof from such affiliation, we must have no honest convictions, no fixed principles, but fit our words to business and professional interests, and conform to the exigencies of the prevailing whim. The minister is hired to preach not what he believes, but what the people wish to hear; the congressman is elected to vote not in the light of his own mind, but in obedience to the dictates of those who send him; the newspaper circulates not because it is filled with words of truth and wisdom, but because it panders to the pruriency and prejudice of its patrons; and a book is popular in inverse ratio to its individuality and worth. Our National Library is filled with books which have copyright, but no other right, human or divine, to exist at all. And when one of us does succeed in asserting his personality, he usually only makes himself odd and ridiculous. He rushes into polygamous Mormonism, or buffoon revivalism, or shallow-minded atheism; nay, he will even become an anarchist, because a few men have too much money and too little soul. What we need is neither the absence of individuality nor a morbid individuality, but high and strong personalities.

If our country is to be great, and forever memorable, something quite other than wealth and numbers will make it so. Were there but question of countless millions of dollars and people, then indeed the victory would already have been gained. If we are to serve the highest interests of mankind, and to mark an advance in human history, we must do more than establish universal suffrage, and teach every child to read and write. As true criticism deals only with men of genius or of the best talent, and takes no serious notice of mechanical writers and book-makers, so true history loses sight of nations whose only distinction lies in their riches and populousness. The noblest and most gifted men and women are alone supremely interesting and abidingly memorable. We have already reached a point where we perceive the unreality of the importance which the chronicles have sought to give to mere kings and captains. If the king was a hero, we love him; but if he was a sot or a coward, his jewelled crown and purple robes leave him as unconsidered by us as the beggar in his rags. Whatever influence, favorable or unfavorable, democracy may exert to make easy or difficult the advent of the noblest kind of man, an age, in which the people think and rule, will strip from all sham greatness its trappings and tinsel. The parade hero and windy orator will be gazed at and applauded, but they are all the while transparent and contemptible. The scientific spirit, too, which now prevails is the foe of all pretence: it looks at things in their naked reality, is concerned to get a view of the fact as it is in itself, without a care whether it be a beautiful or an ugly, a sweet or a bitter truth. The fact is what it is, and nothing can be gained by believing it to be what it is not.

This is a most wise and human way of looking at things, if men will only not forget that the mind sees farther than the eye, that the heart feels deeper than the hand; and that where knowledge fails, faith is left; where possession is denied, hope remains. The young must enter upon their life-work with the conviction that only what is real is true, good and beautiful, and that the unreal is altogether futile and vain.

Now, the most real thing for every man, if he is a man, is his own soul. His thought, his love, his faith, his hope are but his soul thinking, loving, believing, hoping. His joy and misery are but his soul glad or sad. Hence, so far as we are able to see or argue, the essence of reality is spiritual; and since the soul is conscious that it is not the supreme reality, but is dependent, illumined by a truth higher than itself, nourished by a love larger than its own, it has a dim vision of the Infinite Being, as essentially real and essentially spiritual. A living faith in this infinite spiritual reality is the fountain-head not only of religion, but of noble life. All wavering here is a symptom of psychic paralysis. When the infinite reality becomes questionable, then all things become material and vile. The world becomes a world of sight and sound, of taste and touch. The soul is poured through the senses and dissipated; the current of life stag-

nates, and grows fetid in sloughs and marshes. Minds for whom God is the Unknowable have no faith in knowledge at all, except as the equivalent of weight and measure, of taste and touch and smell.

Now, if all that may be known and desired is reduced to this material expression, how dull and beggarly does not life become—mere atomic integration and disintegration, the poor human pneumatic machine puffing along the dusty road of matter, bound and helpless and soulless as a clanking engine! No high life, in individuals or nations, is to be hoped for, unless it is enrooted in the infinite spiritual reality—in God. It is forever indubitable that the highest is not material, and no argument is therefore needed to show that when spiritual ideals lose their power of attraction, life sinks to lower beds.

Sight is the noblest sense, and the starlit sky is the most sublime object we can behold. But what do we in reality see there? Only a kind of large tent dimly lighted with gas-jets. This is the noblest thing the noblest sense reveals. But let the soul appear, and the tent flies into invisible shreds: the heavens break open from abyss to abyss, still widening into limitless expanse, until imagination reels. The gas-jets grow into suns, blazing since innumerable ages with unendurable light, and binding whole planetary systems into harmony and life. So infinitely does the soul transcend the senses! The world it lives in is boundless, eternal, sublime. This is its home; this the sphere in which it grows, and awakens to consciousness of kinship with God. This is the fathomless, shoreless abyss of being wherein it is plunged, from which it draws its life, its yearning for the absolute, its undying hope, its love of the best, its craving for immortality, its instinct for eternal things. To condemn it to work merely for money, for position, for applause, for pleasure, is to degrade it to the condition of a slave. It is as though we should take some supreme poet or hero and bid him break stones or grind corn,—he who has the faculty to give to truth its divinest form, and to lift the hearts of nations to the love of heavenly things.

Whatever our lot on earth may be—whether we toil with the hand, with the brain, or with the heart—we may not bind the soul to any slavish service. Let us do our work like men—till the soil, build homes, refine brute matter, be learned in law, in medicine, in theology; but let us never chain our souls to what they work in. No earthly work can lay claim to the whole life of man; for every man is born for God, for the Universe, and may not narrow his mind. We must have some practical thing to do in the world—some way of living which will place us in harmony with the requirements and needs of earthly life; and what this daily business of ours shall be each one, in view of his endowments and surroundings, must decide for himself.

And it is well to bear in mind that every kind of life has its advantages, except an immoral life. Whatever we make of ourselves, then—whether farmers, mechanics, lawyers, doctors, or priests—

let us above all things first have a care that we are men; and if we are to be men, our special business work must form only a part of our life-work. The aim—at least in this way alone can I look at human life—is not to make rich and successful bankers, merchants, farmers, lawyers and doctors, but to make noble and enlightened men. Hence the final thought in all work is that we work not to have more, but to be more; not for higher place, but for greater worth; not for fame, but for knowledge. In a word, the final thought is that we labor to upbuild the being which we are, and not merely to build round our real self with marble and gold and precious stones. This is but the Christian teaching which has transformed the world, which declares that it is the business of slaves even, of beggars and outcasts, to work first of all for God and the soul. The end is infinite, the aim must be the highest. Not to know this, not to hear the heavenly invitation, is to be shut out from communion with the best, is to be cut off from the source of growth, is to be given over to modes of thought which fatally lead to mediocrity and vulgarity of life.

To live for common ends is to be common;
The highest faith makes still the highest man;
For we grow like the things our souls believe,
And rise or sink as we aim high or low.
No mirror shows such likeness of the face
As faith we live by of the heart and mind.
We are in very truth that which we love;
And love, like noblest deeds, is born of faith.
The lover and the hero reason not,
But they believe in what they love and do.
All else is accident—this is the soul
Of life, and lifts the whole man to itself,
Like a key-note, which, running through all sounds,
Upbears them all in perfect harmony.

We cannot set a limit to the knowledge and love of man; because they spring from God, and move forever towards Him, who is without limit. That we have been made capable of this ceaseless approach to an infinite ideal is the radical fact in our nature. Through this we are human, through this we are immortal; through this we are lifted above matter, look through the rippling stream of time on the calm ocean of eternity, and beyond the utmost bounds of space, see simple being, life and thought, and love, deathless, imageless, absolute. This ideal creates the law of duty, for it makes the distinction between right and wrong. Hence the first duty of man is to make himself like God, through knowledge ever-widening, through love ever-deepening, through life ever-growing.

So only can we serve God, so only can we love Him. To be content with ignorance is infidelity to His infinite truth. To rest in a lesser love is to deny the boundless charity which holds the heavens together, and makes them beautiful; which to every creature gives its fellow; which for the young bird makes the nest; for the child, the mother's breast; and in the heart of man sows the seed of faith and hope and heavenly pity.

Ceaseless growth toward God—this is the ideal, this is the law of human life, proposed and sanctioned alike by Religion, Philosophy, and Poetry. *Dulcissima vita sentire in dies se fieri meliorem.*

Upward to move along a Godward way,
Where love and knowledge still increase,
And clouds and darkness yield to growing day,
Is more than wealth or fame or peace.

No other blessing shall I ever ask:
This is the best that life can give;
This only is the soul's immortal task,
For which 'tis worth the pain to live.

It is man's chief blessedness that there lie in his nature infinite possibilities of growth. The growth of animals comes quickly to an end, and when they cease to grow they cease to be joyful; but man, whose bodily development even is slow, is capable of rising to wider knowledge and purer love through unending ages. Hence even when he is old, if he has lived for what is great and exalted, his mind is clear, his heart is tender, and his soul is glad. Only those races are noble, only those individuals are worthy, who yield without reserve to the power of this impulse to ceaseless progress. Behold how the race from which we have sprung—the Aryan—breaks forth into ever new developments of strength and beauty in Greece, in Italy, in France, in England, in Germany, in America; creating literature, philosophy, science, art; receiving Christian truth, and through its aid rising to diviner heights of wisdom, power, freedom, love and knowledge.

And so there are individuals—and they are born to teach and to rule—for whom to live is to grow; who, forgetting what they have been, and what they are, think ever only of becoming more and more. Their education is never finished, their development is never complete, their work is never done. From victories won they look to other battle-fields; from every height of knowledge they peer into the widening nescience; from all achievements and possessions they turn away towards the unapproachable Infinite, to whom they are drawn. Walking in the shadow of the too great light of God, they are illumined and they are darkened. This makes Newton think his knowledge ignorance; this makes St. Paul think his heroic virtue nought. O blessed men! who make us feel that we are of the race of God, who measure and weigh the heavens, who love with boundless love, who toil and are patient; who teach us that workers can wait. They are in love with life, they yearn for fuller life. Life is good, and the highest life is God; and wherever man grows in knowledge, wisdom and strength, in faith, hope and love, he walks in the way of Heaven.

And to you, young gentlemen, who are about to quit these halls, to continue amid other surroundings the work of education which here has but begun, what words shall I more directly speak? If hitherto you have wrought to any purpose, you will go forth into the world filled with resolute will and noble enthusiasm to labor even unto the end in building up the being which is yourself, that you may unceasingly approach the type of perfect manhood. This deep-glowing fervor of enthusiasm for what is highest and best is worth more to you, and to any man, than all that may be learned in colleges. If ambition is akin to pride, and there-

fore to folly, it is none the less a mighty spur to noble action; and where it is not found in youth, budding and blossoming like the leaves and flowers in spring, what promise is there of the ripe fruit which nourishes life? The love of excellence bears us up on the swift wing and plumes of high desire:

"Without which whosoe'er consumes his days,
Leaveth such vestige of himself on earth
As smoke in air or foam upon the wave."

Do not place before your eyes the standard of vulgar success. Do not say: I will study, labor, exercise myself that I may become able to get wealth of office; for to this kind of work the necessities of life and the tendency of the age will drive you; whereas, if you hope to be true and high, it is your business to hold yourself above the spirit of the age. It is our worst misfortune that we have no ideals. Our very religion, it would seem, is not able to give us a living faith in the reality of ideals; for we are no longer wholly convinced that souls live in the atmosphere of God as truly as lungs breathe the air of earth. And we find it difficult even to think of striving for what is eternal, all-holy and perfect, so unreal, so delusive do such thoughts seem.

Who will understand that to be is better than to have, and that in truth a man is worth only what he is? Who will believe that the kingdom of this world, not less than the kingdom of Heaven, lies within? Who, even in thinking of the worth of a pious and righteous life, is not swayed by some sort of honesty-best-policy principle? We love knowledge because we think it is power; and virtue, because we are told, as a rule, it succeeds. Ah! do you love knowledge for itself—for it is good, it is godlike to know? Do you love virtue for its own sake—for it is eternally and absolutely right to be virtuous? Instead of giving your thoughts and desires to wealth and position, learn to know how little of such things a true and wise man needs; for the secret of a happy life does not lie in the means and opportunities of indulging our weaknesses, but in knowing how to be content with what is reasonable, that time and strength may remain for the cultivation of our nobler nature. Ask God to inspire you with some noble thought, some abiding love of what is excellent, which may fill you with gladness and courage, and in the midst of the labors, the trials, and the disappointments of life, keep you still strong and serene.

Valedictory.

This occasion, marking as it does the beginning of a struggle that can end but with the grave, prompts us to pause and renew our hope for the future by a survey of the past. Busy and quiet have been our days at Notre Dame. Scenes and faces have grown familiar, and many a happy hour has left its impress on Memory's page. Bitter is the rending of ties hallowed by long association; but such life could not always last. A calm retrospect will reveal to us many mistakes that might have been avoided, many causes for regret as well

as congratulation; but it is idle to review the errors of the past save as a lesson for the future. Our time here I trust has been profitably spent. Here in this classic seclusion our *Alma Mater* has sought to convey to us the knowledge of ourselves and of the world; to teach us to distinguish between the substance and the semblance of truth, and to acquaint us with the saints, sages and heroes of the past. And especially she has endeavored to inflame us with the inspiration of her "diviner mood," the love of Duty and of Right. That she may not have attained to her high ideal is due to us.

Our college days are ended. Opportunity has a term as brief as the streamlet's ripple, and wasted moments can never be recalled. We go out from Notre Dame better for having entered; for no one of us has passed his time wholly in vain, and whatever we have imbibed of her teaching will be useful to us. Many are prone to consider this time the crown rather than the beginning of their toil. But we are commencing, not finishing. The unexplored future lies before us, and no man can foresee what it will disclose. We shall soon begin the various pursuits of life, and perform the duties that new relations bring. The "golden-winged dreams" of the present will be followed by the sterner realities of the future, and the laurels that we may win will be thickly entwined with cypress. Toils and tribulations are the heritage of men. But the spirit of man is oracular, and it forever dreams of success. We do not believe in iron destiny, against which man in vain must struggle, nor trust to chance, but hold that every man shapes his own career.

Under the wise and beneficent direction of divine Providence, the two essentials of success in life are virtue and perseverance. If the purpose be noble, honesty and industry will accomplish what is undertaken. After an humble beginning, a man of faithful heart and tireless hand may attain to the highest goal of human hopes. We see the triumphs of this world unequally distributed, but they are useful only as a means, not as an end. Success is often misunderstood. No man can be called successful before the sheaves are garnered in that last great harvest when the angel reapers shall separate the bloom from blight. The aim of every man should be fixed at this period of life, not indeed with the horizon of his vision circumscribed by temporal things, but with the eye of Mirza looking

"Far beyond this narrow prospect of time
Into the Endless Promise."

But 'twere vain to attempt to add to the lessons given; 'twere vain to gild parting with words, and I will briefly pronounce a farewell.

VERY REV. FATHER FOUNDER: We are indebted first of all to you and those who stood as sponsors around the cradle of our *Alma Mater*, "the dim unventured wood." This great University is for you a monument nobler than marble or bronze. May we never do aught to tarnish her fame, and may you live to see her flourish for many years to come.

REVEREND PRESIDENT: We are conscious of

the untiring efforts which you have made for our advancement by your prudent direction of our powers. For this we are sincerely grateful. But an adequate recompense for your zeal and fidelity in our behalf cannot be given in mere words. We will join with you in advancing the honor and glory of the beloved institution under your charge. May you long continue to be its head, and may the coming years smile benignly upon your work.

ESTEEMED PROFESSORS: For your intelligent guidance during these few years of preparation, we return you our heartfelt thanks. We appreciate your kindness and your ceaseless efforts to make us true scholars, faithful citizens, and God-fearing men. We trust that you will continue to be an honor to the cause of Christian education, which you have so nobly espoused.

STUDENTS OF NOTRE DAME: It is sad to bid farewell to those with whom we are united by sympathies that come from common purpose and constant association. We leave you in the midst of your work. We trust that you will pursue your course with vigor and earnestness to the end, and after in the turmoil of life be true to the teachings of Notre Dame.

"Ships pass in the night and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;
So, on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence."

BELOVED CLASSMATES: The time has arrived when our several ways must diverge. We may not meet again till the last muster. We have labored together for a few years, sharing the same hopes and fears and having the same end, the acquisition of liberal training in the true sense of the term. Whatever desires we have cherished apart from this, were trifling and vain and will be forgotten in calm afterthought. You have my best wishes for your success. And now I bid you one and all farewell.

— And to thee, O Revered Mother, who hast, by thy own bright beams, illumined for us the darkened pathways of this rugged life, we bid a last and sad adieu. The inevitable hour of parting is come, but in fancy we will continue to hover in thy halls of learning, to wander in thy shady avenues and to hear thy matin chimes. O *Stella Occidentis*, in the name of the Class of '86, I bid you a loving and last FAREWELL!

THOMAS J. SHERIDAN.

The Forty-Second Commencement at Notre Dame.

[From the South Bend Tribune.]

The exercises at Notre Dame certainly sustained the prediction that the Commencement of 1886 at Notre Dame University would be the most brilliant for years. The grounds were never more beautiful with their cleanly-mowed lawns, fountains, statuary and other adornments. Under the glow of the electric lights surrounding the statue of the Virgin Mary on the lofty dome of the University, the campus and all the surroundings were

made doubly attractive, and visitors and students promenaded until a late hour each evening.

Solemn High Mass was held yesterday morning, Rev. T. E. Walsh, President of the University, celebrant. The sermon was by Rev. L. J. Evers, of New York, a member of the Class of '79. Following the Mass, was the boat race between the "Blues" and the "Reds." An immense crowd thronged the banks to witness the contest, which was easily won by the "Blues," commanded by Capt. Harless. Capt. Gordon commanded the "Reds." The stretch was three miles long. The prize was seven gold anchors, one to each of the winning crew.

In the afternoon the Alumni meeting was held at one of the society rooms. At this meeting it was decided that in future Alumni day should be held during the scholastic year instead of at its close.

The officers elected are: President, Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, of Clinton, Iowa, Class '75; 1st Vice-President, Rev. L. J. Evers, of New York, Class '79; 2d Vice-President, Wm. P. Breen, of Fort Wayne, Class '79; Secretary, Rev. N. J. Stoffel, of Notre Dame, Class '76; Treasurer, Prof. J. A. Lyons, of Notre Dame, Class '62; Historian, John G. Ewing, of Lancaster, Ohio, Class '77; Poet, Wm. H. Johnston, of East Townsend, Ohio, Class '85; Orator, Rev. T. O. Sullivan, of Chicago, Class '59.

The most attractive feature of the campus exercises was the dress parade of the Hoynes' Light Guards, under the command of Col. Hoynes, the well-known professor of law. Col. Hoynes is a veteran soldier, and under his command the guards maneuvered with the precision of veterans and excited great enthusiasm. Baseball and athletic sports occupied the rest of the afternoon.

In the evening Washington Hall was crowded to its fullest capacity to hear the Cantata by the vocal classes and the Oration of the Day by Right Rev. Bishop Spalding.

WEDNESDAY.

There was no diminution in the crowd at Notre Dame yesterday forenoon to witness the closing exercises. On the contrary, there were more witnesses from the city than on the day previous. The exercises opened with a march by the Notre Dame University Cornet Band. Then followed a chorus by the Orpheonic Association. The Valedictory, by Mr. Thomas J. Sheridan, of Parnell, Iowa, was the leading effort of the day. Mr. Sheridan is a good speaker, and won the audience with his opening sentences. He gave abundant evidence that his subject had received the best thought, and these thoughts were expressed in the happiest form. The distribution of Premiums, awarding of Honors and conferring of Degrees occupied the closing hours...

The students and their friends were wrought to the highest pitch of excitement regarding the Oratorical Contest, which took place on Monday night. There were seven contestants—M. O. Burns, of Hamilton, Ohio; S. F. Murdock, of Michigan City, Ind.; V. H. Burke, of Ashtabula, Ohio; W. Jess, Dubuque, Iowa; D. Byrnes, of Minneapolis,

Minn.; J. A. Ancheta, of Massilla, Mexico, and D. Latshaw, of Kansas City, Missouri. The orations were pronounced the best ever given at any oratorical contest at Notre Dame. Four of the contestants—Messrs. Latshaw, Byrnes, Jess and Burke—stood nearly equal in the estimation of the audience. As between two of them, Messrs. Latshaw and Byrnes, the judges—Prof. T. E. Howard, of this city; W. P. Breen, of Ft. Wayne, and Alf. B. Miller, of the *Tribune*—were unable to decide, and a medal was awarded to each. In this contest there was an amusing scene. It was announced, "The medal for oratory is awarded to D. Byrnes, of Minneapolis." Immediately Byrnes' friends cheered and shouted until they were exhausted, while Latshaw's friends were decidedly depressed. When the cheers for Byrnes had subdued, the announcement continued, "and D. Latshaw of Kansas City, Missouri." Then Latshaw's friends cheered and cheered until they were tired out. Byrnes is a graduate and carried off several honors. Latshaw is only eighteen years old and this is his first year at Notre Dame.

The exercises closed with "Home! Sweet Home!" by the University Band, and the Forty-Second Annual Commencement passed into history as one of the most brilliant that Notre Dame has seen.

[From the South Bend Register.]

The Forty-Second Annual Commencement Exercises of the University of Notre Dame terminated yesterday noon. And the results of the year's work as seen through the exercises of the past three days show that the institution is moving both onward and upward; and that here men are not required to cultivate one faculty to the exclusion of all others, but are educated in the true sense of the word, neither the intellectual ability, the moral virtue, nor the physical training of the student being neglected.

The exercises opened on the evening of the 21st with a grand Oratorical Contest, the results of which proved that Notre Dame still proudly holds her place as mother of orators. The names of the Contestants have already appeared, together with a review of their productions. But that the Contest was close may be averred from the fact that after two days' deliberation the judges—Messrs. Prof. T. E. Howard, of South Bend, W. Breen, of Fort Wayne, and A. B. Miller, of the *South Bend Tribune*—were unable to agree as to who was the successful competitor. The contest seemed to have narrowed down between Daniel Byrnes, of Minneapolis, D. Latshaw, of Kansas City, and Wm. Jess, of Dubuque. The latter was finally dropped, and it was decided that the medal should be given *ex æquo* to Byrnes and Latshaw. Indeed each of those gentlemen have every reason to feel proud of their victory, as the contest may truly be said to have been the event of Commencement and has been pronounced the most brilliant in the history of Notre Dame.

The exercises Tuesday morning opened with

the Alumni Mass, after which the students and visitors assembled on the banks of the lake in the rear of the College to witness the annual Regatta. At 11 o'clock the "Evangeline" appeared on the lake, manned by six oarsmen and a coxswain, under the command of Capt. Harless. They were soon followed by the "Minnehaha," under the command of Capt. A. A. Gordon. Both boats paddled slowly up to the buoy at the west end of the lake. At the word "Go!" both crews buried their oars in the lake and the boats seemed fairly lifted out of the water. The "Evangeline" reached the buoys at the east of the lake a length in advance, but by a skilful turn the "Minnehaha" cleared the buoys even with her. The excitement on shore now became intense as under the measured dip of the oars the crews rowed side by side up the lake, but the "Evangeline" soon began to forge ahead, which they continued to increase on the third length and finally crossed the line several lengths in advance.

The afternoon witnessed an exhibition game of baseball between "University Blues," who had won the championship of the College, and the "University Reds." The "Blues" played a splendid game, almost without an error, and came near shutting the "Reds" out, the latter securing one run in the eighth on two singles and an error. In the evening the audience listened with wrapt attention to an Oration on "Growth and Duty" by Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Ill. At eight o'clock, Wednesday forenoon, the Faculty, students and friends again assembled in Washington Hall to witness the final exercises of the year. T. J. Sheridan, of the Classical Course, delivered the Valedictory, a masterpiece of scholarship and thought, concluding with an affectionate farewell to all. Bishop Spalding then distributed the premiums and medals won by the students during the year.

CONFERRING OF DEGREES.

THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF LAWS was conferred on Major Henry F. Brownson, Detroit, Mich.; Hon. John Gibbons, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. A. A. Lambing, Wilkesburg, Pa.

THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS was conferred on Rev. J. J. Burke, Monmouth, Ill.; Wm. H. Bailey, Summerville, Mass.; Rev. Luke J. Evers, Newburg, N. Y.; Ambrose J. Hertzog, Natchitoches, La.

THE DEGREE OF MASTER OF SCIENCE was conferred on James Solon, Chicago, Ill.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS was conferred on Thos. J. Sheridan, Parnell, Iowa; Lafayette Mathers, Monica, Ill.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS *in honorem* was conferred on George E. Clarke, South Bend, Ind.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF SCIENCE was conferred on Delano C. Saviers, Columbus, O.; Patrick J. Goulding, Chelsea, Mass.; Joseph A. Ancheta, Georgetown, New Mexico; Vernon H. Burke, Ashtabula, O.; Michael A. Dolan, Charlotte, Iowa; A. Albert Browne, Brownsville, Texas.

THE DEGREE OF CIVIL ENGINEER was con-

ferred on Joseph A. Ancheta, Georgetown, New Mexico; Samuel T. Murdock, Michigan City, Ind.; Chas. C. Kolars, Lesueur Centre, Minn.; John W. Guthrie, Carroll City, Iowa; Wm. H. Johnston, East Townsend, O.

THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF LAW was conferred on Joseph A. Ancheta, Georgetown, New Mexico; Vernon H. Burke, Ashtabula, O.; Patrick J. Goulding, Chelsea, Mass.; Daniel Byrnes, Minneapolis, Minn.; Francis X. Claffey, Bertrand, Mich.; Michael O. Burns, Hamilton, O.; John H. Conlon, Ashtabula, O.; Wm. F. Koudelka, Cleveland, O.

COMMERCIAL DIPLOMAS were awarded to E. F. Dillon, Dubuque, Iowa; Peter J. Jacobs, Stevens Point, Wis.; Wm. F. Ott, Norwalk, Ohio; Minot L. Luther, Crown Point, Ind.; John F. Murphy, Larimore, Dak.; Philip P. Paschel, Council Bluffs, Iowa; John G. Fitzgerald, Muscatine, Iowa; Wm. A. Borgschulze, Hawesville, Ky.; Chas. E. Ruffing, Bellevue, Ohio; Walter J. Rochford, Galena, Ill.; Francis J. Hagenbarth, Challis, Idaho; Wm. D. Jess, Dubuque, Iowa; John Jos. Talbot, South Bend, Ind.; Mortimer E. O'Kane, Cincinnati, Ohio; Wm. F. O'Rourke, Brandon, Ohio; Wm. B. Akin, Carlisle, Ind.; H. Hardie Robinson, Frankfort, Ky.; Henry B. Luhn, Fort Niobrara, Neb.; Aug. A. Cooper, Dubuque, Iowa; Chas. R. Harris, Lewistown, Ill.

Certificates for Telegraphy were awarded to John F. Murphy, Larimore, Dakota; Thos. C. Ryan, Leavenworth, Kansas; Emanuel O. Colina, Toluca, Mexico.

CLASS MEDALS.

CLASSICAL COURSE.

THE QUAN GOLD MEDAL in the Senior class was awarded to Thomas J. Sheridan, Parnell, Iowa.

Medals in the Junior and Sophomore classes were not awarded.

THE GOLD MEDAL in the Freshman class was awarded to T. A. Goebel, Marietta, Ohio.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE.

THE GOLD MEDAL in the Junior class was awarded to Hugo C. Rothert.

THE GOLD MEDAL in the Freshman class was awarded to Edward S. Ewing, Lancaster, Ohio.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

THE COMMERCIAL GOLD MEDAL was awarded *ex æquo* to Edward Dillon, Dubuque, Iowa, and Philip Paschel, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

THE GOLD MEDAL for Proficiency in Penmanship—presented by Mr. D. D. Myers, of Dubuque, Iowa—was awarded to James J. Remish, New Prague, Minn.

SPECIAL COURSES.

THE DWENGER GOLD MEDAL for Christian Doctrine—presented by Rt. Rev. Dr. Dwenger, Bishop of Ft. Wayne—was awarded to Michael A. Dolan, of Charlotte, Iowa.

THE SORIN GOLD MEDAL for Christian Doc-

trine—presented by Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross—was awarded to Jacob Thompson Cleary, of Covington, Ky.

THE OECHTERING GOLD MEDAL—presented by Rev. A. B. Oechtering, of Mishawaka, Ind.—was awarded to Vincent Padilla, of Lagos, Mexico.

PRIZE MEDALS.

THE GOLD MEDAL FOR ENGLISH ESSAYS—presented by Mr. John R. English, of Columbus, Ohio—was awarded to Frank H. Dexter, of Kansas City, Mo.

GRAND GOLD MEDAL FOR ORATORY—presented by Wm. P. Breen ('77), of Fort Wayne, Ind.—was awarded *ex æquo* to Daniel P. Byrnes, of Minneapolis, Minn., and Donald J. Latshaw, of Kansas City, Mo.

THE MASON GOLD MEDAL—presented by Mr. George Mason, of Chicago, to the student having the best record in the Junior department—was awarded to Peter Jacobs, of Stevens Point, Wis.

THE MEEHAN GOLD MEDAL—presented by Mr. G. Meehan, of Covington, Ky., to the student having the second best record in the Junior department—was awarded to Charles E. Ruffing, of Bellevue, Ohio.

GOLD MEDAL for Industrial Drawing—presented by George W. Rhodius, of Indianapolis, Ind.—was awarded to William Wabraushek, of Manistee, Mich.

THE GREGORI GOLD MEDAL for Artistic Drawing was awarded to F. Long, of Kansas City, Mo.

THE GREGORI SILVER MEDAL for Artistic Drawing was awarded to John Lahey.

GOLD MEDAL FOR GERMAN was awarded to Charles J. Senn, of Chicago, Ill.

ELOCUTION MEDALS.

THE LYONS GOLD MEDALS for Excellence and Improvement in Elocution were awarded to J. A. Ancheta, of Massilla, N. M., and E. Darragh, of St. Paul, Minn.

GOLD MEDAL for Elocution—presented by Moses Livingston, South Bend—was awarded to C. Harris, Lewiston, Ill.

THE BARRY GOLD MEDAL for Excellence in Elocution was awarded to Frank Hagenbarth, Challis, Idaho.

PRIZE MEDAL for Improvement in Elocution—presented by J. A. Lyons—was awarded to C. Cavaroc, Chicago, Ill.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

THE MINIM ELOCUTION GOLD MEDAL—presented by Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross—was awarded to James McIntosh, Sidney, Neb.

THE SORIN ASSOCIATION GOLD MEDAL—presented by Rev. President Walsh—was awarded to Frederick P. Crotty, Rockford, Ill.

THE GOLD MEDAL FOR POLITENESS—presented by Rev. P. Boland, of Lakey, Minn.—was awarded to Frederick Chute, Minneapolis, Minn.

SILVER MEDAL for Penmanship was awarded to Francis Dunford, Chicago, Ill.

SILVER MEDAL for Improvement in Elocution was awarded to Chris. H. Mooney, Chicago, Ill.

SILVER MEDAL for Improvement in Penmanship was awarded to Ernest Doss, Kansas City, Mo.

HONOR AWARDS.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

HONOR GOLD MEDALS were awarded to Thomas J. Sheridan, John C. Wagoner, Hugo C. Rothert, Vincent Padilla, Michael O. Burns, Felix Baca, Patrick McGuire, Frederick J. Combe, Francis H. Dexter, Michael A. Dolan, Tiburcio Becerra.

HONOR SILVER MEDALS were awarded to Matthew M. White, Ethan B. Ryan, Henry D. Kenny, Joseph E. Cusack, Andrew W. Miller, Willis R. Congdon, George E. Houck, Charles F. Paschel, Henry J. Paschel, Peter P. Prudhomme, James J. Remish, Charles J. Stubbs.

HONOR CERTIFICATES were awarded to William F. O'Rourke, William F. Ott, Philip P. Paschel, Edward J. Riley, Walter J. Rochford, John M. Regan, Robert T. Snapp, William W. Aubrey, Charles W. Bowles, John H. Crowe, Edmund Coady, John J. Dohany, Charles E. Finlay, Joseph S. Gallardo, J. Willard Glenn, Clarence H. Hagerty, John W. Hampton, John J. Jackson, John P. Kenny, August F. Karst, John F. Murphy, Felix M. Rodriguez, Chris. Shaide.

Honorably Mentioned—P. E. Burke, B. Bryar, M. Cassidy, A. Chappell, E. Egan, C. S. Kendall, C. Nancolas, W. F. Koudelka, H. J. Werst.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

HONOR GOLD MEDALS were awarded to Philip S. Wagoner, Augustus Meehan, Frank Fehr, Wm. J. Wabraushek, Mortimer E. O'Kane, Wm. P. McPhee, E. F. Dillon, E. J. Darragh, C. E. Ruffing, Charles Spencer.

HONOR SILVER MEDALS were awarded to G. R. Cartier, Jacob Thompson Cleary, Richard Oxnard, Jos. Portillo, Minot Luther, H. Hardie Robinson, E. S. Ewing, G. W. Myers, Wm. Welch, M. Colina, C. Cavaroc, Ferdinand Long, George Tarrant, E. Benner, F. Benner, F. Smith, I. Bunker, L. Scherrer, J. Boos.

HONOR CERTIFICATES were awarded to Edward R. Adelsperger, W. H. Austin, E. P. Bodley, E. V. Bowles, W. W. Curtis, L. P. Chute, J. J. Cole, J. B. Dickinson, A. L. Duffield, C. Epple, R. J. Frain, A. Finckh, T. Flood, H. O. Grothaus, T. A. Goebel, C. E. Galarneau, J. W. Hayes, T. J. Hake, A. W. Hake, W. Houlihan, H. M. Jewett, P. J. Jacobs, N. C. Jacobs, W. P. Kern, F. P. Konzen, W. E. Konzen, H. J. McConn, J. T. McIntosh, N. J. Nealis, T. J. Noud, R. C. Newton, W. J. O'Connor, A. L. Preston, A. A. Ruffing, S. S. Smith, C. J. Shields, W. D. Walsh.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

HONOR GOLD MEDALS were awarded to Francis Cobbs, Paul J. Sweet, José Moncada, Christopher H. Mooney, Albert Nussbaum, Charles

A. Scherrer, Arthur J. Nester, Cecil Quinlin, Elmer J. Scherrer, Leslie S. Doss, James J. Piero, William McGill, Thomas P. Falvey, Francis Peck.

HONOR SILVER MEDALS were awarded to Francis P. Murphy, Albert J. Williamson, Mark M. McCourt, James J. Peck, Robert N. Inderrieden, John M. Bull, Joseph M. McNulty, Chas. A. Campau, Frederick P. Crotty. Renewed—Henry A. Morgan, George A. Landenwich, Fritz Kellner.

HONOR CERTIFICATES were awarded to Charles W. Ramsey, Frederick J. Chute, James J. McIntosh, Arthur T. Smart, Leo J. Riordan, Basil J. Nealis, Robert M. Graham, Edward E. Farmer, William O. Martin, Francis D. Garber, Salvator J. Ciarcoschi, Edward H. Jewett, Roderick E. Munro, Algie J. Sullivan, William H. Bailey, Mathew B. Dewald, Shelly E. Jones, Francis M. Falvey, James D. Connors, Edward B. Connors, Walter Smart, George Sweet, Hugo Tillenberg, Felix L. Mainzer, Eugene E. Garber, Charles B. Nealis, Philo J. Keeffe, Charles V. Grant, Ormal J. Griffin.

June Examinations.

[The Averages of the Graduating Class are not published in this list.]

No Average under 60 is published.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

F. Ashton, 70; Jno. Ashford, 78; Wm. Aubrey, 77; W. B. Akin, 86; L. Archambeault, 82; T. Becerra, 95; C. W. Bowles, 84; L. C. Bolton, 48; F. Baca, 89; F. Brown,* 88; W. Breen, 71; P. E. Burke, 90; B. Bryar, 86; C. Crowe, 96; J. Crowe, 58; E. Coady, 79; W. Congdon, 86; G. H. Craig, 98; P. Chapin, 77; Walter Collins, 86; Wm. Collins, 78; Fred Combe,* 80; C. Combe, 97; Frank Combe, 73; M. Cassidy, 66; W. F. Cooney, 65; P. Carbajal, 81; G. Crilly, 78; W. Cartier, 87; A. Chappell, 70; F. Dexter, 97; G. De Haven, 53; L. Daley, 72; Jno. Dempsey,* 59; Jno. Dohany, 75; C. Duffield, 61; E. Egan, 61; J. Emmons, 67; C. Finlay, 94; F. Forbes, 65; A. A. Gordon, 85; A. Gordon, 84; Jos. Gallardo, 75; W. Glenn, 81; Jno. Hamlyn, 89; C. Hagerty, 97; Geo. Houck, 86; J. Hampton, 88; F. Hagenbarth, 96; C. R. D. Harris, 85; H. D. Hull, 84; Wm. Harless, 77; L. W. Holden, 70; S. Haynes, 66; Jno. Jackson, 77; F. Jewett, 63; Wm. Jess, 91; Wm. Jeffs, 66; T. Keys, 82; H. Kenny, 86; Jno. Kenny, 72; A. Karst, 80; Jno. Kleiber, 83; C. S. Kendall, 75; A. Kwilinski, 82; D. Latshaw, 88; H. B. Luhn, 77; W. L. Luhn, 90; A. Larkin, 75; H. Long,* 87; J. F. Ley, 77; Wm. Lally, 85; G. Morrison, 77; B. Morrison, 84; A. Moody, 90; Jno. Murphy, 90; A. McNulty, 81; A. Mier, 90; P. McGuire, 87; A. Miller, 81; C. B. Moon, 75; J. Meagher, 79; C. Nancolas, 89; Wm. O'Rourke, 86; J. V. O'Donnell, 73; Wm. Ott, 94; Wm. O'Connell, 80; P. Prudhomme, 76; J. Prudhomme, 62; C. Paschel, 83; H. Paschel, 80; P. Paschel, 85; V. Padilla, 94; E. Rielly, 66; T. Ryan,* 67; E. Ryan, 71; J. Remish, 85; C. Roth-

ert, 95; W. Rochford, 82; J. W. Regan, 75; C. Rheinberger, 91; Jas. Rahilly, 66; J. C. Rudd, 74; F. Rodriguez, 85; F. Rielly, 78; C. Shaide, 83; J. Strauss, 75; C. Stubbs, 86; Jas. Shields, 78; F. Soden,* 86; R. Snapp, 67; A. S. Triplett, 80; H. Vandercar, 86; H. J. Werst, 84; W. Williams, 63; M. White, 85; Jno. Wagoner, 85.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

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NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, June 30, 1886.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the NINETEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—Those preserving the numbers of the SCHOLASTIC for binding will be furnished with an Index to the present volume on application.

—We are gratified to note the favor with which the article on "Orestes A. Brownson" by Mr. Frank Hagenbarth, of our Staff, has been received by the press at large. We would, however, respectfully submit to several of our valued exchanges that as the article was written for the SCHOLASTIC, due credit should be given to our little paper for the same.

Commencement Notes.

The exercises of the Forty-Second Annual Commencement—to which Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of last week were devoted—were most successfully carried out and proved highly agreeable to the immense assemblage of visitors who came from all parts to enhance by their presence, as well as to enjoy the pleasure of the occasion. In various parts of our present number will be found press and local reports of the principal exercises of these three days. We are pleased to present the masterly Oration delivered by Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, which was admired by all who heard it for its profundity of thought, its keen philosophical analysis of the literary and intellectual condition of our age and country, and the suggestive lessons which the young student should bring home to himself as he engages in the work of developing the powers of mind and soul. It is an article which merits to be read and re-read and carefully weighed and studied.

* * *

The music at Commencement was all that could be desired—what we had of it. The one defect

was that we had not enough. The Orchestra, in the very few numbers which it presented, was excellent, and the *Cantata* by the vocal classes elicited the unqualified praise and admiration of every one in the audience.

* * *

Right worthily has our *Alma Mater* honored herself in the bestowal of her highest mark of distinction—the degree of Doctor of Laws. The Rev. A. A. Lambing has done noble service in the field of our American history, notably by his careful studies and investigations of the earliest records of the rise and progress of the Church in this country, with which is incidentally connected much that is valuable to the historian of our Republic. His "Historical Researches," which he publishes quarterly, contains a fund of interesting and important information to the lover of literature and history. Major Henry D. Brownson is a name well known to the American public, through his learned contributions to the literature of our country. His latest colossal undertaking—the publication, after careful collation and editing, of the grand productions of his deceased and honored father—America's greatest philosopher—alone would suffice to immortalize his name and prove him a worthy son of a grand man of the age—Dr. Brownson. Of the Hon. John Gibbons, a worthy son of Notre Dame, we shall let the *Chicago Tribune* speak. The leading journal of the city, in which he has attained eminence in his profession, says: "The University of Notre Dame, Indiana, last Wednesday conferred the Degree of Doctor of Laws upon the Hon. John Gibbons of this city. This is a fit recognition of Mr. Gibbons' indefatigable zeal and industry in the line of his profession. Leaving Ireland about twenty years ago with few if any educational advantages, he has attained distinction in his profession."

* * *

In the course of a brief address at the close of the exercises on Wednesday morning, Bishop Spalding took occasion to communicate to the audience a delightful piece of intelligence. It was to the effect that in consequence of the generous action of an old friend of Notre Dame the work of gilding the Dome of the University would be at once undertaken. This was indeed pleasing news to all present, as it will be to all who have an affection for Notre Dame and would gladly see this glorious monument to the Queen of Heaven made as perfect as human art and skill can make it. But to no one indeed does it give greater pleasure than to the venerable Founder, Father General Sorin who sees herein the full realization of the design which he had conceived as the New Notre Dame rose from its ashes more beautiful than ever, and he recognized in this marvellous resuscitation another striking manifestation of that same benign care and protection which had attended him from the beginning. The massive Dome, surmounted with the colossal statue of Our Lady, was a grand expression of gratitude, but it would still remain incomplete until such time as the statue of her, un-

der whose protection Notre Dame is placed, could be made resplendent by night and by day. This grand conception found its partial expression in the electric crown and crescent, and now it is destined to meet with its full realization in the resplendent Dome which will attract the eye of the beholder from far and near. Our congratulations to the venerable Founder on this auspicious event, and all honor to the generous friend who has provided the means of its accomplishment!

**

In general, the successful issue of the Forty-Second Commencement was a fitting crown to one of the most brilliant and successful years in the history of Notre Dame. The credit of all this is due to the active, energetic, and able Faculty, to whom the accomplishment of the grand work of the University is entrusted, and particularly to the wise and careful presidency of Rev. Father Walsh, for whom we hope a long continuance of his able direction of the University.

**

And now, we close our volume with a good-bye to our readers and the expression of our thanks to the many who have assisted us in our work through the year. For the SCHOLASTIC we bespeak the kind and hearty patronage of readers for years to come, and we earnestly hope that, in the future, it will keep pace with the onward and fast-increasing progress of our *Alma Mater* and ever prove the worthy exponent of the "Pride of the West." And so

GOOD-BYE.

Westward Bound.

DENVER, June 26.

DEAR SCHOLASTIC:

Commencement was over and all was excitement about the College. All day Wednesday huge vans lumbered down the avenue laden with trunks, which were deposited in immense piles on the depot platform. All day Shickey's hacks left the College filled with departing students until none remained but the "vacation students" and the western excursion party of Father Zahm. It is the journey of this party that your correspondent has undertaken to chronicle. Among the company were students from Mexico, Denver, Council Bluffs and all parts of the West.

The sun was scarcely up when nearly everyone awoke and prepared for the long trip before them. "Good bye" was said to teachers and friends, satchels were carefully packed, and by seven o'clock on Thursday morning the whole party were snugly stowed away in carriages ready to depart. The fountains in St. Edward's Park and on the College lawn played right merrily and seemed to murmur an adieu, while the bells in the tower chimed the half hour after seven just as we passed out of the gates. Three cheers and a hearty "hurrah" bespoke the sentiments of the boys on leaving *Alma Mater*. Arriving at the depot

everything was found in confusion. Our party were spared the trouble attendant upon the checking of trunks and the buying of tickets, as all this had been attended to by Father Zahm before leaving the College. The special car, the *Dallas*, which was to convey us westward was found waiting and quickly boarded. It was a pleasant Wagner sleeper, well appointed and equipped. The several cars which constituted the "special" to Chicago were well filled with students, and as they rolled out of the depot many a long look was cast back—probably for the last time—upon the familiar place which has been the scene of many a hopeful incoming and sad departure. From South Bend to Chicago the time was pleasantly spent in talking college matters and taking farewell of those who were to leave us at the latter place.

As soon as the train entered the Lake Shore depot a switch-engine coupled to the "Dallas" and whisked it swiftly through the "yards" across the city to the Burlington depot, where it was attached to the outgoing train about to depart. By good fortune, arrangements had been made with the officials of the dining-car to furnish dinner for the party, and as soon as we arrived a grand rush was made to investigate the bill of fare. Every seat was filled and there still remained about thirty to be accommodated. As soon as one place was vacated it was immediately occupied by another, and so it continued for some time.

All that afternoon we journeyed through Illinois and about sunset arrived in the city of Galesburg, where some of the party left with Mr. Albert Zahm for Council Bluffs and Omaha. Supper was taken here, and thereby hangs a tale. Galesburg will forever be a harrowing recollection to one of the party, a certain youth from the far West, who, feeling unwell, thought he would invest in a slight lunch at the depot rather than indulge in an extensive dinner on the car. Imagine his astonishment, then, when, after looking hard at a ham-sandwich, he was presented with a little bill for two dollars. Expostulation was out of the question; and when he insinuated that there was a mistake somewhere, the clerk cruelly insinuated that a "cop" was near by, and added insult to injury by muttering something about a "dead beat."

All along our route we were met by railway officials who kindly placed their services at our disposal and who acted throughout in a most courteous and disinterested manner. At ten p. m. we arrived in Quincy. Many remained up to see the Mississippi, which we crossed here, and which presented quite a pretty sight under the star light, its dancing waters illuminated by the lights reflected from the lamps on bridges and boats. An hour after crossing the river all had retired, slept soundly, and awoke only when the sun was ascended well into the sky.

By half-past eight Friday morning we encountered the "Big Muddy," and a half hour later appeared the hills and bluffs of Kansas City. We rolled into the Union depot amid a jangling of bells and confusion of voices, which suggested the

activity and life of the busy city. Here the Kansas City party left us, after wishing the rest a pleasant journey beyond. Your humble correspondent decided in about five minutes' time to accompany the western party to Denver. While the "Dallas" was being attached to the Atchison, Topeka, & Santa Fé train we received a visit from the festive Dickie Reach of Wyandotte fame. He was smiling and blushing as ever and had just come from a surveying expedition on the plains. I had barely time to recheck my trunk and say "good bye" before our train started out. Frank H. and "Cale" had an opportunity of displaying their sprinting powers in their comical efforts to catch the train. They had been in the lunch-room appeasing the inner man, and when the bell rang each grabbed something and ran. Frank had a piece of raspberry pie, portions of which contributed to ornament his countenance by an immense purple streak from ear to ear; while Cale frantically grasped a bologna sausage, which had a dangerous resemblance to a policeman's club. After no little excitement they reached the train, and scrambled safely on the platform—considerably winded and the least bit scared over the possibility of getting left.

The most interesting portion of our trip now began. A heavy rain seemed to have preceded us all the way from Chicago, and as a result we experienced no dust or heat whatever. As we had a long ride yet before us, everyone prepared to enjoy himself. Some time was pleasantly spent in watching the prairie land, which we passed for many miles. In the evening a musical and dramatic programme was improvised, which brought out the heavy tragedians and vocalists. After the recitations, Ancheta brought in a violin; Bates, his mouth-organ, and the colored porter his guitar. By a little practice the trio managed to produce some fine music, from a sonata of Beethoven to a hoe-down or an old-fashioned cotillion. Will McPhee persisted in talking wise about oxygen and hydrogen and wondered when we would dine again, while little Charley Taft convulsed the company by his comical drolleries.

Late that night we encountered a terrific wind storm, which blew clouds of dust in from the prairies and threatened to become a first-class cyclone. All the windows were closed and some little anxiety prevailed inside, while all who looked out and saw the jagged streaks of lightning which frequently flashed from the black sky imagined that our turn had come. But after ten minutes of rapid running we left the storm behind and rolled quietly along. When we awoke in the morning we found ourselves in Colorado. At La Junta, Ancheta, Baca and some young ladies from St. Mary's, accompanied by their father, left us to take the southern branch of the Santa Fé road for the South. At 8 o'clock we arrived in Pueblo, where Hagenbarth, Cale West and Tewkesbury took the Denver & Rio Grande Railway for Salt Lake City, thus beginning another long journey of six hundred miles—but one famous in railroading as passing over the grandest part of mountain scenery and railway engineering in the world.

The Denver party went north on the D. & R. G. R.R., which passes, in this division, magnificent scenery well worth coming to see. We ascended gradually, and every mile raised us higher up among the mountains. The first impressions I shall never forget! Though they may be seen a little east of Pueblo, one cannot get a satisfactory idea of them until he approaches Colorado Springs. Standing faintly outlined against the sky, and invested with a blue or silvery haze, they appear, at first sight, like so many huge banks of clouds, into which they seem to melt. They appear to rise right out of the plain directly before one, and it would seem that they are a short distance off; but that apparently little distance might comprehend some fifty or sixty miles. The snow-crowned Spanish Peaks appear to be very near to Pueblo, but in reality they are more than a hundred miles away. Such is the effect of the rare atmosphere peculiar to high altitudes. From the vicinity of Colorado Springs a good view was had of Pike's Peak, about fifteen miles away, its hoary head wrapt in sunshine. Here Willie Bailey left us for his beautiful home in Manitou. After a most delightful ride along the mountain side, we arrived safe in Denver at one o'clock this Saturday afternoon, delighted with a most successful journey.

Father Zahm intends going farther west. Albert Zahm will remain in Colorado, while the returned boys will pass a very pleasant vacation with relatives and friends. Your correspondent intends making a trip to Manitou, to climb Pike's Peak, and thence to go to the Gunnison country to see the far-famed scenery of the D. & Rio Grande, in the "Switzerland of America." You will hear from me again.

FRANCIS HENRY.

Averages.

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Personal.

—Rev. E. J. McLaughlin '76, of Clinton, Iowa, was a welcome visitor to the Commencement exercises.

—Among the visitors during Commencement time was Mr. A. Granger, Editor of *St. Viateur's College Journal*, Bourbonnais Grove, Ill.

—Rev. James Rodgers, '77, President of St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, was recently made the recipient of addresses and presentations by the students placed in his charge. It was an expression of the esteem and affection in which he is held and a mark of the success and efficiency which characterize his administration.

—Rev. E. B. Kilroy, D. D. ('52), the esteemed pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Stratford, Ontario, had on the 6th inst. the happiness of witnessing the solemn consecration of the church of which he is in charge, and which will remain a monument to his ability and zeal. The ceremonies, which—as usual with an event so rare in this country, for a Catholic church cannot be consecrated until entirely free from debt—were very imposing, were participated in by great numbers of bishops and priests. Father Kilroy's many old friends at Notre Dame congratulate him upon this auspicious occurrence and express the hope that it may be the harbinger of a long-continued and blessed career in the sacred ministry.

The *Montreal True Witness*, in a report of the ceremony, gives the following sketch of the distinguished pastor:

"The Rev. Edmond Burke Kilroy, D. D., pastor of St. Joseph's Church, is one of the most popular and widely known parish priests in the Canadian Church. He was appointed to his present charge in 1874, resigning his charge as pastor of the London Cathedral. He was born in Ireland, on the 30th of November, 1830. His parents emigrated to Canada in 1836, and settled near Windsor, Ontario. In his 15th year he entered the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, from which he graduated in 1852 with high honors. He was ordained priest in 1854. For the next two years he devoted himself to mission work in Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan. In 1855 he was appointed President of the University of St. Mary's of the Lake, Chicago, continuing in this capacity for two years, winning the highest esteem of all. In 1858 he became pastor of the church in Laporte, Indiana, and shortly afterwards was transferred to the city of Lafayette, where he presided over the most important parish in the diocese of Fort Wayne until 1854, when he took charge of the mission of Sarnia, Ont. During the American civil war Father Kilroy was appointed special agent of the State of Indiana by Governor Morgan, to look after the wounded belonging to that State in the armies of Cumberland, Mississippi, and the Potomac. From 1864 to the present he has been actively engaged in mission work in the diocese of London, as pastor of Sarnia, of St. Mary's, as rector of the London Cathedral, and since 1874 as parish priest of the city of Stratford. During 1876-7 he visited Europe and travelled through England, Ireland, Spain, France and Italy, with the Right Rev. Bishop Walsh, of London. During his stay in Rome he received from the College of the Propaganda his Doctorship in Divinity, but had since resolved not to allow himself to be invested with the purple cape of his doctorship until his church had been freed from debt and consecrated. He was consequently invested yesterday before the service of High Mass with the rochet and cape, which, with a three hundred dollar emerald, were presented to him by the ladies of the congregation."

—Among the members of the clergy present at the Commencement exercises were: Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, Ill.; Revs. W. J. McNamee, J. Horgan '68, T. O'Sullivan '59, D. Hayes, Chicago; E. J. McLaughlin '75, Clinton, Ia.; John J. Garland, Villanova, Ia.; P. J. Boland, St. Paul, Minn.; J. J. Burke, '84, Monmouth, Ill.; D. Callaert, Manistee, Mich.; J. B. Mertes, S. Toledo, Ohio; J. T. Ouimet, Chicago; L. J. Evers '79, Newburg, N. Y.; J. H. Guendling, Lafayette, Ind.; A. B. Oechtering, Mishawaka, Ind.; W. Kroeger, Elkhart, Ind.; P. J. McDonnell, Chicago, Ill.; M. Van de Laar, M. W. Barth, South Chicago, Ill.; P. Burke, Dubuque, Ia.; E. Kelly Chicago; and others whose names we did not learn.

Among the lay visitors were the following: Charles New, Wabash, Ind.; W. Dean, Memphis, Tenn.; Lambert Nussbaum, Plymouth, Ind.; Jacob Fisher, George Wagoner, G. J. Ament, G. C. Richel, G. Betz, Adrian, Mich.; W. S. Cutshone, Golin, Mich.; W. M. Rudd, Owensboro, Ky.; Mr. C. Cavaroc, Chicago, Ill.; Major L. A. Duncan, Niles, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lauaene, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs. J. M. Thomas, Miss A. H. Baron, Niles, Mich.; Mrs. N. Mattingly, Janesville, Ohio; Jacob Wile, Laporte, Ind.; Frank Hall, Mrs. C. V. Wither, Mrs. F. Hall, Denver, Col.; Mrs. E. W. Colfax, S. Bence, Mr. Douglas Ryan, Dubuque, Iowa; Miss Kelly, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. and Mrs. Power Baird, Rice's Landing, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. P. Gerard, Des Moines, Iowa; Mrs. James O'Kane, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Riddell, Laporte, Ind.; Mrs. C. F. Bates, Jackson, Tenn.; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Freeman, Goshen, Ind.; Philip Lahr, Terre Haute, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dyle, Donagiac, Mich.; Mrs. P. L. Garrity, Chicago; Mrs. John E. Blaine, New York; Ella De Wald, Lake View, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Smart, Midville, Ga.; Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Press, Mr. and Mrs. Inhoff, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Wissel, Mrs. J. McAlbord, M. Gerten, Chicago; Mrs. L. B. Shephard, Arlington, Neb.; Mrs. James Meehan and R. E. Lee Meehan, Covington, Ky.; Mrs. F. Carney, M. Corry, F. Corry, Marinette, Wis.; Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Claggett, Edna Claggett, Lexington, Ill.; Miss Lizzie Tighe and Mrs. J. Lamb, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jess, Dubuque, Iowa; Henry T. Mullen, Annie Mullen, Chicago, Ill.; Michael Sullivan and Mrs. Sullivan, Chicago; N. Jacobs, Stevens Point, Wis.; Mr. and Mrs. M. McNulty, Chicago; M. W. Egan, Willie H. Egan, Independence, Ia.; T. F. Conlin, Ashtabula, O.; Jos. T. Homan, L. A. Grever, Cincinnati, O.; Wm. Hake, Grand Rapids, Mich.; John Caren, Columbus, O.; John Kenny, Ligonier, Ind.; Jacob Wile, Laporte, Ind.; Wm. Jeannot, '83, Clara Jeannot, Muskegon, Mich.; A. G. Brabrook, Chicago; W. B. McGorrisk, Des Moines, Ia.; Geo. F. Sugg, Chicago, Ill.; Frank Spohr, Chicago; J. E. Chaves, Balen, N. M.; C. Murdock, Michigan City; Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Lauer, A. J. Lauer, Rochester, Ind.; James Meehan, Covington, Ky.; John L. Inderrieden, Mrs. H. Haas, Chicago; Mrs. J. Mainzer,

St. Paul, Minn.; Mrs. S. Levy, Kewanee, Ill.; Emily C. Mohl, Mrs. C. W. Trebing, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Katie E. Ward, Anna L. Ward, Lockport, Ill.; Mrs. C. Wease, Union City, O.; M. E. Clarke, Parkersburg, W. Va.; Frank Owen, Mary Owen, Dowagiac, Mich.; Johanna Regan, Dowagiac, Mich.; Sarah R. Dolan, Villanova, Iowa; Thos. F. Murphy, Lyons, Iowa; Mrs. T. Keys, Mary O'Halloran, La Salle, Ill.; M. J. Cooney, Miss Alice Cooney, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Rowsey, Toledo, Ohio; Mary Caren, Columbus, Ohio; Simon Quinlin, Chicago, Ill.; Theresa Phelan, Geo. Hummer, Helen Hummer, Iowa City, Iowa; C. W. Van Hoose, Shreveport, La.; Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Breen, Mrs. James Breen, M. J. Walsh, Fort Wayne, Ind.; J. J. Inderrieden, G. Becker, Chicago; R. Meyer, Dubuque, Iowa; Mary Paschel, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Annie Moran, Michigan City; G. McHale, Denver, Col.; A. H. Gordon, Elkhart, Ind.; W. M. Loomis, Chicago, Ill.; J. A. Long, Kansas City, Mo.; C. C. Connolly, Miss Connolly, Hugh L. Mason, James Solon ('83), Chicago; L. Nussbaum, Plymouth, Ind.; R. Byrnes, Mrs. William Byrnes, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Moon, Warsaw, Ind.; Mrs. M. E. Steele, Lancaster, Ohio; T. J. Boland, New York; G. P. Macatee, Houston, Texas; H. D. Hull, Chicago; E. Cullenane, K. Cullenane, Dowagiac, Mich.; P. D. Galarneau, Lima, Ohio; Dr. J. R. Congdon, Bristol, Ind.; A. J. Hertzog ('82), Mrs. A. Hertzog, Mrs. J. A. Prudhomme, Natchitoches, La.; W. Berthelet, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mrs. and Miss Riordan, Muskegon, Mich.; Mrs. C. Bryar, Paw Paw, Mich.; T. McGill, Chicago; L. W. Mahoney, J. A. Mulhern, Dubuque Iowa; Mrs. J. C. English, Columbus, O.; Mr. A. Bruhn, Miss M. Bruhn, Texarkana, Texas; A. O'Connor, Miss M. Champion, St. Louis, Mo.; J. A. Noonan, P. Walsh, Miss A. Loftus, Mrs. W. K. Wilson, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Campbell, Miss Minnie Campbell, El Paso, Texas, and many others.

Local Items.

- GOOD-BYE!
- Write soon again.
- No flowers, please.
- All things gone up!
- Who got left this time?
- The place looks deserted.
- Now beginneth the hot spell.
- The barouche has been decorated with a handsome "tile."
- "The Triumph of Justice," the new play published by Prof. Lyons, is now ready.
- The Dome on the main building is now encased in scaffolding preparatory to the work of gilding.
- Quite a large number of valuable English publications have lately been added to the Lemonnier Library.
- The harvest is now in full blast; three weeks

in advance of any previous season known to the oldest inhabitant.

—The badges of the St. Cecilia Society, the Alumni Association, the Euglossian, Columbian, Philopatrian and Sorin Societies were very tasteful and elegant.

THE NESTER MEDALS for Elementary Science—presented by Hon. T. Nester, Marquette, Mich.—were awarded to C. Cavaroc, W. D. McPhee and W. Koudelka.

—Ardent admirers of Dr. Brownson keep his tomb covered with fresh garlands and flowers. Better still, many a fervent prayer is there offered for the eternal repose of his soul.

—The officials of the L. S. & M. S. R.R. have the thanks of the numerous students and visitors, to whom they paid many kind and courteous attentions on returning to their homes after the exercises.

—Extensive preparations have been made to give a right royal reception to the delegates who will visit Notre Dame in August to attend the national Convention of Catholic Total Abstinence Societies.

—In the competitive drills of the Hoynes' Light Guards the following is the result: 1st place, L. Daly, J. Crawford, C. Stubbs; 2d place, C. B. Combe, W. Congdon, J. Kleiber, J. Wilson, T. Ryan, J. Dohany.

—Mrs. A. Sweet, of Atlanta, Georgia, has given some Yuccas plants and an air-plant to St. Edward's Park, also two mocking-birds for the Minim department. The generous lady has the best thanks of the Minims.

—The gentlemanly ushers, who succeeded so well in seating our numerous guests during the Commencement exercises, were Messrs. G. Myers, R. Newton, E. Darragh, J. Rahilly, W. Jewett, C. Finlay and P. Chapin. They distinguished themselves by their polished manners and courteous attentions to all.

—A gentleman from the sunny South, who has seen a great deal of the world, on visiting his sons at the University for the first time, said: "No place has ever disappointed me as Notre Dame has; for," said he, "much as it is advertised, no description begins to come up to the reality. One must see Notre Dame to form a correct idea of its magnificence."

—A handsome gold medal was presented to the champion pitcher of the University, Mr. A. Cooper, of the Junior department, familiarly called Gus. It was a gift to that young gentleman from his friends, and is without doubt the most artistic and most valuable of all the medals we have yet seen. Gus deserves this token of the esteem in which he is held by his numerous friends.

—The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC for June 19 is a very good number of that periodical. It contains a thoughtful essay on the question, "Which is the Best Form of Government?" an interesting sketch on the "Age of Pope Leo," short pieces on matters of interest to collegians, several attractive metrical pieces and well-assorted groups of miscellany. It is a publication that ought to be liberally patronized.—*Boston Republic*.

—The baseball medals given to the champions of the University, the special Nine of the Junior department, were the handsomest ever awarded at Notre Dame for field sports. After a complimentary speech by President Walsh, the medals were pinned to the coats of the fortunate winners by Mrs. Doss, Mrs. B. J. Claggett, Mrs. Meehan, Miss Grace Cartier, Miss Ida Cartier, Miss Paschel, and three other ladies whose names we have not learned. The boys who won the championship of the University for the Junior department are Messrs. G. Cooper, G. Cartier, G. Myers, F. Fehr, L. Smith, E. Benner, J. Courtney, W. Wabraushek and J. Hayes.

—The following is the programme of the exercises by the Euglossians on the evening of the 20th—omitted in our last number:

Overture—"Tancredi" <i>Rossini</i>	Quartette
Address (LaFayette).....	C. Cavaroc
Declamation.....	P. Levin
"Only Sixteen".....	E. P. Darragh
Declamation.....	D. Regan
Wolsey's Farewell.....	J. Kleiber
The Parthian.....	C. Stubbs
Music (Piano).....	R. Oxnard
The Cowboy's Bride.....	F. Hagenbarth
Legend of Bregenz.....	C. Harris
Declamation—"The Exile of Erin".....	W. Jess
Music (La Fontaine).....	J. Remish
Speech.....	C. Finlay
Recitation.....	J. Garrity
The Blacksmith's Story.....	D. Latshaw
The Spanish Duel.....	F. Dexter
Music (Piano)—"Dance de Fées".....	S. Nussbaum
Closing Remarks.....	Rev. President Walsh

—On the 20th inst., the Military Company went to camp in Johnson's grove, where they spent a most enjoyable day. After marching out in rank and file, they scattered themselves through the woods, where, under the cool shade, they passed the time in games of various sorts, frequently interrupted by the serving of refreshments. At noon a regular actual-service dinner was had, consisting of juicy steak roasted over glowing coals, ambrosial coffee (Brother Marcellinus' own make), biscuit, hard tack, and the other incidents to camp fare—too numerous to mention. The "tap" frequently called the boys from their games and fish stories to indulge in ice-cream, lemonade and other delicacies which the reporter fails to find in *Upton* as accessories of camp *menu*. The day passed pleasantly enough until sunset, when arms were taken from the stack and the boys began their homeward march, arriving at the College well pleased with the day's sport.

—The solemnity of the great festival of Corpus Christi was fittingly observed at Notre Dame on Sunday last. Solemn High Mass was celebrated at eight o'clock by Very Rev. Father Granger, assisted by Rev. Fathers Robinson and Stoffel as deacon and subdeacon. A sermon appropriate to the solemnity was preached by Rev. President Walsh. After Mass the grand procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place. The road leading from the church, through the *parterre* in front of the University, and winding its way around the beautiful St. Joseph's Lake, had been made still

more beautiful by the flowers which loving hands had strewn on the way, and the handsomely decorated arches which had been erected at regular intervals. The two repositories—one placed in front of the Novitiate and the other at "Calvary"—were very beautiful, and at each the procession rested and the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given. The scene was solemn and impressive and calculated to edify and instruct the great multitude that took part as well as those who came to assist.

—The Director of the Historical Department returns thanks to Mrs. Sherman for a uniform worn by General W. T. Sherman in the late war; to Mrs. Steele, for photograph of General Sherman and autograph letters; to Bishop Cosgrove, of Davenport, for the heavy metal and beautifully-wrought crosier presented to Bishop McMullen by his friends of Chicago; to Rt. Rev. Bishop-elect Katzer, of Green Bay, Wis., for valuable additions to the Bishops' Gallery; to Master Leo Scherrer, for photograph of Bishop Machebœuf, Vicar-Apostolic of Colorado; to Master J. Coad, of Omaha, for photograph of Bishop O'Gorman, late Vicar-Apostolic of Nebraska; to F. Brown, of Toledo, for numbers of historical magazines; to Rev. Father Houck, for large photograph of the first Catholic church erected in Cleveland; to Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, of Richmond, for a manuscript volume—containing articles on the Inquisition, Galileo, Reformation in Switzerland—written by Rt. Rev. Bishop McGill, third incumbent of the See of Richmond; to Henry Redmond, of Pittsburgh, for cuts representing interior and exterior of old St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia; old Cathedral of St. Louis; engraving of Father St.-Cyr, pioneer priest of Chicago; to Rt. Rev. Bishop Machebœuf, D. D., Vicar-Apostolic of Colorado, and to W. D. McPhee, of Denver, for valuable additions to the Bishops' Gallery.

—Rev. Father Sullivan, of Cummings, returned this morning from a visit to his *Alma Mater*, the University of Notre Dame, Ind., where he assisted at the closing exercises of the Annual Commencement, as well as those of the Female Academy of St. Mary's, in the neighborhood. He reports wonderful progress in the materiel and personnel of both institutions. The buildings, main and auxiliary, are superb and commodious; the grounds are as beautiful as a city park. The graduating exercises were rendered especially interesting by a brilliant oratorical contest, learned and polished essays, dramatic performances, classic music, both vocal and instrumental, and athletic sports. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, one of the most eloquent Prelates of the Catholic Church, delivered at the University a magnificent oration on the "Higher Ideal in Life," which fairly sparkled with gems of eloquence and poetry, and abounded in thoughts of the deepest wisdom and truths drawn from the universal experience of mankind. The right-reverend gentleman spoke also at the Academy on the "Dignity, Rights and Duties of Woman," and was applauded to the echo. The number of students for the scholastic

year at Notre Dame was 400, and of pupils at St. Mary's 200. Father Sullivan had the pleasure of meeting quite a number of the old graduates from various parts of the Union whom he had not seen for a score of years, and of course there was much hand-shaking and recounting of college exploits that occurred in the days of "Auld Lang Syne."—*South Chicago Calumet.*

—On the afternoon of Tuesday, the 22d, the prize contest in baseball took place on the Senior campus in presence of a large audience of visitors and students. The "Blues" were victorious. After the game, Mr. James Solon—a graduate of '84—who happened to be among the visitors, was called upon for a speech. Mr. Solon, a little confused by the unexpected call in the midst of so many visitors, at first declined, but the director of the Baseball Association finally prevailed upon him to favor the boys and the company with a few remarks, in which he spoke eloquently of the triple constituents of a thorough education—that it should be mental, moral and physical, and lauded the splendid opportunities afforded by Notre Dame wherein the youth of our land may secure the development of body and mind in the highest and most perfect form.

After the speech, the gold medals were pinned on the breasts of the victors by Miss Maggie Rathsom, of Indianapolis; Mrs. Doss, of Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Jones, of St. Louis, Mo. The young men receiving medals were Frederick J. Combe, of Brownsville Texas—Captain of the victorious nine, who received the large gold medal given by Adler Bros., of South Bend; Walter Breen, of Loogootee, Ind., the grand gold prize medal awarded by Spalding Bros., of Chicago; Paul Chapin, of Denver, Colorado, Captain of the University Reds, the grand gold medal given by the Rev. J. A. Coughlin, of Amboy, Ill. Special gold medals to John Nester, of Detroit, Mich.; Charles Duffin, of Uniontown Pa.; Vernon Burke, Ashtabula, Ohio; Anthony McNulty, of Chicago; Henry and Charles Paschel, of Council Bluffs, Iowa; Michael Dolan, of Clinton, Iowa; J. D. Crawford, of Dallas, Texas; Charles Combe, of Brownsville, Texas; John J. Kleiber, of Brownsville, Texas; John D. Wilson, Mason City, Iowa; Geo. De Haven, of Chicago, Ill.; J. W. Hampton, of Etlesburg, Ky.

[From the South Bend Tribune.]

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The oratorical contests of Commencement week at Notre Dame University always draw large audiences and the one connected with the Forty-Second Annual Commencement was no exception to the rule. It took place last evening in Washington Hall. Every seat in the parquet and gallery was occupied by an eager and interesting listener and for the time boat races, baseball, tennis and other athletic sports were forgotten by the students and their friends. Alumni, graduates, Seniors, Juniors, and even the little Minims, to say nothing of the Faculty and visitors, were for the nonce instructed in the eloquence of tongue, the grace of gesture and the elegance of language, through which some of

the seven contesting students was to win a prize. These students were—mentioning them in the order in which they spoke—M. O. Burns, of Hamilton, Ohio; S. F. Murdock, of Michigan City, Ind.; V. H. Burke, of Ashtabula, Ohio; W. Jess, of Dubuque, Iowa; D. Byrnes, of Minneapolis Minn.; J. A. Ancheta, of Chihuahua, Mexico, and D. Latshaw of Kansas City, Mo. The Judges were Mr. W. P. Breen, of Fort Wayne, Class of '77; Prof. T. E. Howard, of this city, formerly of the University, and Alf. B. Miller, of the *Tribune*.

Mr. Burn's theme was "The Blessings of Equality"; Mr. S. Murdock's, "Patriotism"; Mr. V. Burke's, "Orators and Oratory"; Mr. W. Jess's, "This Land of Ours"; Mr. D. Byrne's, "Communism"; Mr. J. A. Ancheta's, "Liberty," and Mr. D. Latshaw's, "Wm. E. Gladstone." It will be noticed that with but one exception each speaker chose a subject popular with almost any average audience. The exception was Mr. Byrnes. There could scarcely be a more unpopular theme to-day than "Communism," yet Mr. Byrnes handled it in such a masterly manner as to carry his audience with him. The youngest speaker was Mr. Latshaw, who has not passed his eighteenth year. He has a commanding presence in spite of his extreme youth, a voice of rare quality and under perfect control. It is Ingersollian in its tones and inflections, and indeed there was much about his manner of delivery to remind one of that great orator. The earnest, convincing speaker of the evening was Mr. Jess. There was no straining for effect. The man and his subject grew upon the audience. Mr. Burke threw, perhaps, too much force in his delivery, which placed him in strong contrast with Mr. Jess. His gestures were good, and in composition he ranked with the best. Mr. Ancheta is a native-born Mexican, and when he entered Notre Dame could speak the English language but imperfectly. He has one of the clearest of minds, judging by the manner in which he presented his matter.

It is doubtful if in any oratorical contest any four contestants ever stood so close together as Messrs. Burke, Jess, Byrnes and Latshaw. The efforts of the seven orators speak well for the care of this University in elocutionary training under the experienced teachings of Prof. J. A. Lyons, who is the author of one of the best works on elocution extant.

Brownson's Complete Works

Should be on the shelves of every library in the country. Twenty volumes, including Index, treating of subjects philosophical, religious, political, literary, etc., etc. Vols. 1, 2—Philosophy; Vol. 3—Philosophy of Religion; Vol. 4—Heterodox Writings; Vols. 5, 6, 7, 8—Controversy; Vol. 9—Scientific Theories; Vols. 10, 11, 12, 13—Civilization; Vol. 14—Development and Morals; Vols. 15, 16, 17, 18—Politics; Vol. 19—Popular Literature; Vol. 20—Index. Each volume may be had separately. Price, \$3 per Vol.

Address,

HENRY F. BROWNSON,
Detroit, Mich.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The examinations which closed Monday afternoon, June 22, were exceptionally good.

—The initials of Lucretia St. Clair were, by mistake, substituted for those of Miss Suphronia St. Clair in the account of the musical examination published in last week's report.

—"Chamber's Encyclopedia of English Literature," an appropriate and valuable gift in honor of her graduation, was presented by a dear friend of the First Senior Class to Miss Martha Munger.

—The decorations of the Commencement essays are very fine this year. Miss Philomena Ewing has freely devoted her rare skill to the work. Miss Anna Heckard, who stands among the first artists of the Studio, has decorated her own essay.

—At the examination of the First Senior Class in Logic, by the Rev. Father Fitte, of the University, the young ladies were honored by the presence of Major Brownson, of Detroit (son of the great Orestes A. Brownson). He was so well pleased that he expressed his belief that not another institution in the United States could present a class of young ladies so thoroughly informed in the important branch.

—Among the clergymen who were at the Commencement exercises whose names we have been able to learn are the Rev. Fathers Fitte and Stoffel, of the University; Hagerty, of South Bend; Father Oechtering, Mishawaka; Fathers T. O'Sullivan, Horgan, Hayes, McDonald, McGuire, Kelly, of Chicago; Rev. Father McLaughlin, Iowa; Rev. Luke J. Evers, Newburg, N. Y.; Father FitzGibbons, and others.

—Cordial thanks are tendered to Miss M. Chute for "Montalembert," a biographical sketch by Jos. Walter Wilstoch. The admirable little work, written by a former pupil of Notre Dame University, was honored by the personal praise of the Countess Montalembert, who wrote to the talented young author and declared the "Biographical Sketch" to be the best account of her noble husband that has yet come under her notice.

—The closing of the regular Monday morning Masses for the Children of Mary at Loreto fell on the Feast of the holy Saint Aloysius of Gonzaga, who was appointed by the Pope as the particular patron of youth. The beautiful sermon of Very Rev. Father General was in honor of the Saint of the day. The Children of Mary, who had made the devotion of "the six Sundays," received Holy Communion in thanksgiving to St. Aloysius.

—Among the welcome visitors, besides Mrs. Heferner, of Colorado, who paid but a flying visit, are the parents of the Graduates of Class '86; Mr. Bruhn, Texarkana, Texas; Mr. Barlow, Streator, Ill.; Mrs. Carney, Marienette, Wis.; Mrs. Heckard, Tolona, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. Munger, Eureka, Kansas; Miss Georgia Kelly, Minneapolis, Iowa, a

former pupil of St. Mary's; Miss Mollie Ducey, Muskegon, Mich.; Miss Alice Gordon, Elkhart, Ind.—both late pupils of the Academy; Mrs. Hyndshaw, Chicago; Mrs. Silverman and Mrs. Levy, Kewanee, Ind.; Mrs. Lauer, Rochester, Ind.; Miss Madole, Ravenna, Ohio; Mrs. Carmien, Goshen, Ind.; Mr. Stadtler and Mr. McNamara Victoria, Texas.

—The members of St. Luke's Studio appointed a committee to wait upon the Directress of the Art department and to express their gratitude for her kindly supervision for the year just closed. A set of elaborately-decorated plates prepared for the occasion was presented, with a graceful address, by Miss Mary Frances Murphy. A full explanation of each number of the large Arundel collection, with the name of the master neatly printed on the type-writer by Miss Martha L. Munger, and elegantly bound by the *Tribune* Company, was also presented. The Studio was never more inviting or more prosperous. The walls have been renewed, and the floor beautifully painted in a very effective pattern. The exhibition of work by the pupils is unusually excellent.

Valedictory.

BY VIRGINIA BARLOW.

Picturesque and fair indeed is the view painted by the clear, warm, rosy light of a summer sunrise. It tips the homely grass with gold; it turns the dew to diamonds. The quivering leaves of varied hues seem animated as if with an intelligence unknown to simple lifeless matter, however beautiful it may be; and on the calm pure brow of the lily white; on the smooth bright cheek of the damask rose; on the gleaming wing of the humming bird, the joy beams play, and dance, and glow, like the sunny smiles on the dimpled, mirthful countenance of gay and guileless infancy. This view is like life to healthful, youthful hearts, for

"Strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world."

The mellow, softened vista of days gone by, fair though it be, is not resplendent with a brilliancy to compare with the vista in advance. Remembrance is dear. Hope is the herald of immortality. Happy for the soul that appearances are not the test of reality; for, in a fallen world like ours, all things winning to the heart, come—not with bold and boastful mien, but with soft and gentle footstep; with downcast eyes and tranquil, beaming brow, shrinking from observation. So come the heart's best treasures: so come the soul's best joys—cloistered denizens of this sad earth—lest the cold blasts of its mutations chill their life of beneficence, and so subvert their holy mission.

In meek disguise true blessings come. Youth looks forth—even amid storms—through a screen of pleasure, and beholds the future through braided garlands of blossoming hopes—hopes that if ig-

noble are sure to perish, hopes that if just are sure to be realized. Promises of happiness are the *life of life*. They are the echoes of heavenly voices. If the soul be pure, the reverberations are perfect; if untrue, they are broken and deceitful. Sooner or later disappointment will deaden and destroy their ethereal resonance.

With veils upon their faces truths come to a fallen world. Christian culture is the sole earthly haven, the sanctuary where alone they can reveal their loveliness and glory. Here erring nature is divested of her galling trammels; here the soul is regaled with the nectar of immortality; here is she nourished with the ambrosia of divine charity; here robed once more in her prestine grandeur, and thereby made ready for the great contest of life. Away from this blest haven, the storms of error beat. Knowledge may come, but it comes ill-gotten gain, like booty to the pirate ship, not as a legacy to the heir of heaven.

Education does not consist in the simple acquirement of scientific information, in the mere intellectual elucidation of principles; but in its true sense, it is rather the application of immutable truths to real life. Sheltered and protected for many a year from the world's allurements beneath the grace-environed roof of our lovely Convent home; refined and ennobled by the supervision and example of those chosen as the special friends of God, how could we fail to be impressed with pure sentiments and worthy aspirations! That we are here to-day awaiting the long-coveted Cross of gold, with its sublime motto, "*In hoc signo vinces*," is proof that the salutary influences of religion have not been exerted for us in vain.

RT. REV. BISHOP OF PEORIA: Though it is many a year since you have honored St. Mary's by your presence, yet the tradition of that one memorable visit is among the most cherished of our *Alma Mater*. Your energetic and world-embracing efforts in the cause of the "Higher Education" causes as to feel as trebly precious the honor that we at present enjoy. Thanking your Lordship for this condescension, and wishing you the utmost success in your grand enterprise, with the deepest sentiments of veneration, we proffer our respectful farewell.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER GENERAL: For many a bright and hopeful year we have been so fortunate as to be numbered among those who claim your paternal guidance, and on the eve of our departure we deem it a propitious presage that the laying of the corner-stone of the beautiful church of St. Mary's of Loreto has opened the octave of our Commencement Day. The rapid erection of the long-desired and much-needed edifice proves that the Children of St. Mary's, when they go forth from her cherished precincts, entertain the old affection with all the ardor of true and dutiful hearts. Thanking you, Very Rev. and dear Father, for your unwavering, constant care, and trusting that your highest hopes respecting our beautiful church shall be more than realized in the near future, and that you will accept the devoted affection of those whose gratitude cannot be measured, and hoping to ever reach the

high standard you have unceasingly held up for our emulation, we bid you, dear Father, a warm, though reluctant farewell.

REV. FATHER SHORTIS, our kind Chaplain and dear teacher: Your untiring and patient self-denial in contributing to our interests will never be forgotten by your class of eighteen hundred and eighty-six. Our profound indebtedness to you, Rev. Father, is one of the bright and golden links which so lovingly binds us to our *Alma Mater*. Farewell, and God bless you, dear Father!

OUR DEAR TEACHERS.—Our beloved Prefect of Studies: Dear Mother, for the last time as pupils of St. Mary's do we address you, but in our hearts the affectionate title will remain your own while life shall last; for who has been more solicitous, more self-sacrificing for our sakes? How sacredly shall we cherish the hallowed memories which cluster around your treasured name! With the deepest gratitude do we recall the indefatigable zeal with which you have endeavored to promote our advancement, and which has cleared full many a shadow from our pathway—has softened the keenness of many a bitter disappointment and enhanced the pleasure of many an anticipated joy. Our conscious indebtedness is too deep for words. May the complete fulfilment of your wishes in our regard crown your gracious endeavors. With this assurance of our fidelity, farewell, our beloved Mother, farewell!

OUR DEAR COMPANIONS: The agreeable associations of years past, with the view of your merry faces as a brilliant background, will remain among the rich treasures of Memory. Trusting that your future will prove as bright as our past has been, and that we shall not be forgotten by you, we bid you an affectionate adieu.

DEAR CLASSMATES: On the joy surrounding the ardently anticipated reunion with dear ones of the home-circle, for whose sake we have so long and so earnestly toiled in the acquisition of knowledge, the painful thought of separation from one another intrudes. We who have been so long united in the same pursuits and aspirations shall never again meet as of old; but to-morrow—humanly speaking—we shall begin, as it were, the life of strangers; for no longer shall the details of our sympathies, our occupations be the same. Yet, dear Classmates, a tie has here been formed stronger than change, more subtle than distance; and so long as we cherish the gifts here secured to us; so long as we prize the priceless treasure of Christian education, so long shall we look upon the days just drawing to a close as the happiest of our lives. May nothing mar the bright prospect, or render bankrupt the heavenly fortune we have here attained! As from time to time we unite with St. Mary's *Alumni*, and return with overflowing hearts to the scenes now so dear to us, may we bring to the loved spot an undiminished affection, an unwavering fidelity; and when we kneel within the sanctuary of St. Mary's of Loreto, may we there deposit anew at each visit the record of a life true to our best aspirations, true to our earnest resolutions, true to the sacred claims which society

holds upon the daughters of our Christian families. Begging the blessing of Heaven upon our endeavors to realize the hopes of our beloved teachers, the strength to ratify their confidence and to requite their devotedness; armed with the precious cross of gold, and trusting in its motto, we go forth from the fortress of Holy Cross crusaders against the great enemy of society, Godless education. Sure once more to meet where partings cannot come, we utter our loving FAREWELL!

[From the South Bend Tribune.]

The Thirty-First Annual Commencement.

TUESDAY, JUNE 22.

The Thirty-First Annual Commencement at St. Mary's Academy began Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock. The weather was all that could be wished, brightening the exercises with a cloudless day. There were hundreds of visitors, who did not fail to admire the beauty and picturesqueness of St. Mary's and its surroundings, which are never more charming than in the June days. The naturally lovely spot has been made lovelier still by all that natural taste and educated landscape gardening could do. The broad carriage-ways, the promenades, the foot-paths and by-ways are so completely lined with maples, elms and other trees that students and visitors can walk uncovered through all their lengths without a sun-frown. The lawns, flower gardens and *parterres* have been made doubly attractive by the addition of many more rustic seats, fountains, statuary and huge vases, laden with the richest offerings of flowers and foliage that June can furnish. No one can visit St. Mary's at this season of the year without being impressed by the beauty of its surroundings. The river, the rugged bluffs, the natural forests, the lawns and the broad fields of the farm connected with the institute, together with the view of grand old Notre Dame to the east, are sights which visitors will remember with almost as much pleasure as St. Mary's graduates through the past quarter of a century will remember their *Alma Mater*.

The exercises opened at 3 o'clock in the afternoon in the presence of a large assemblage, among which were many distinguished visitors. The following is the

PROGRAMME:

- Chorus—"Invitation to Dance".....*Max. Oesten*
Vocal Class, accompanied by Miss Shephard.
Essay—"Pearl of Great Price".....Miss Carney
Second Polonaise.....*F. R. Liszt*
Miss M. Bruhn.
Song—"Swiss Boy".....*J. F. Pixis*
M. F. Murphy, accompanied by Miss Bruhn.
Essay—"Selbstkenntniss".....Miss E. Horn
Grand Concerto—Ops. 2.....*F. R. Chopin*
Miss A. Shephard.
Essay—"The Beauty ever Ancient, ever New,"
Miss A. Heckard.
Quartette—"Ave Maria".....*J. Brahms*
Misses St. Clair, Lauer, Guise and Fenton
Essai—"La Fin couronne l'Œuvre".....Miss M. Bruhn
Recitation—"San Sisto".....*G. H. Miles*
Miss M. Fuller.

Song—"With Verdure Clad".....*Haydn*
Miss B. English.

Poem—"Spes Unica".....Miss M. L. Munger
Second Ballad.....*F. Liszt*
Miss Barlow.

Solo and Chorus—"The Water Nymph" *Ant. Rubenstein*
Alto Solo—Miss Lauer. Chorus, Vocal Class.

After Oesten's opening chorus—"Invitation to Dance," by the vocal class, accompanied by Miss Shephard—Miss Carney read an essay, "Pearl of Great Price," handling her subject admirably. Miss E. Horn's subject was "Selbstkenntniss." She made an excellent impression on the audience. "The Beauty ever Ancient, ever New" was the title of Miss A. Heckard's essay, and it showed much care in preparation. Miss M. Bruhn had the only French essay on the programme, and astonished those present who speak that language by the purity of her Parisian accent. Her subject was "La Fin couronne l'Œuvre." The only recitation of the afternoon was by Miss M. Fuller, who rendered G. H. Miles' "San Sisto" in a charming manner. The closing piece was a poem, "Spes Unica," by Miss M. Munger, a young lady whose abilities as a poet and essayist the *Tribune* has frequently mentioned. Only recently the *Tribune* bindery bound a volume of her essays in elegant binding as a present to her parents. She won the medal for Elocution three years ago and it has been yearly renewed.

The musical part of the programme was one of the most correctly rendered of any ever given at St. Mary's. Miss Marie Bruhn played Liszt's "Polonaise," Op. 2, with all the delicacy and fire which this piece demands. It is useless to speak of the composition. Every musician knows the characteristics of the world-renowned Liszt. Miss Bruhn's rendition was excellent, for it showed appreciative talent and devoted practice, and her selection will long be remembered.

Chopin's Grand Concerto, Opus 2, was played by Miss Ada Shephard, who has both talent and genius, gifts indispensable to a correct interpretation of Chopin's works, which require every shade of technique; and the prismatic coloring of soft, and vehement expression—silence and tears—showed the appreciation of the crowded audience, nature's real applause. Liszt's "Second Ballad" was Miss V. Barlow's selection, differing in form from many of his other transcriptions. In the first pages we hear him in his greatest breathings, as when he tried to imitate Chopin's refined touches; but in the muttering sounds of the undertones, one feels near a volcanic crater, however subdued. Expectation is momentarily on the outlook for an outburst of tone lava. It came, and the powerful electric touch of Miss Barlow excited the critics to enthusiasm, and the applause said plainly the three aspirants had conquered a high position in music's domain.

The vocal music opened, as stated above, with a chorus, by the vocal class, accompanied by Miss A. Shephard, "Invitation to the Dance,"—a polka rondo, by Max Oesten, in a sparkling little gem, light and tripping, took at once, if one may judge by smiling faces. A *staccato* passage near the close happily rendered gave promise of enjoyment

from these young vocalists' rôle in the exercises. "Swiss Boy," aria, with variations, by Pixis, was a splendid piece of vocalization, sung by Miss M. F. Murphy, whose voice is a brilliant soprano, flexible and true. Being her first appearance at St. Mary's as a soloist, her success was gratifying. "Ave Maria," by Brahms, was a vocal quartette, the parts being taken by Misses S. St. Clair, B. Lauer, H. Guise and R. Fenton. Sweet and religious, in style apparently simple, but difficult of execution, it was well sustained throughout. A solo from Haydn's "Creation," "With Verdure Clad," was delightfully sung by Miss English. Her flowing melodious tones expressed the full meaning of the text. She took the runs limped and pure, the high notes clear, and without effort, which proved a marked improvement since last year. Oratorio airs are always difficult, demanding evenness and perfect intonation. Miss English was equal to the task, and her simple manner added to the charm of her singing.

The closing chorus was Rubenstein's "Water Nymph," by the vocal class. Miss Lauer's alto solo was expressive and tender. The chorus winding its way relating the legend of the "Fairy" was admirably sung; Miss A. Shephard playing the accompaniment, which seemed to have nothing to do with the chorus, and one might have imagined she was really playing one of Rubenstein's "Portrait Sketches," except when a few carols were introduced to lead the rapid modulating harmonies. This unique chorus was a trial indeed, and the class faithfully surmounted its difficulties.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23.

The exercises on Wednesday began at eleven o'clock a. m., and were conducted according to the following

PROGRAMME:

GRAND ENTRANCE OF THE PUPILS.

Kaiser Marsch.....*Wagner*
Misses Barlow, Carney, Bruhn, Horn, Guise, Rend, Morrison and Van Horn.
Harps.....Misses Shephard and Fitzpatrick
Chorus—"Commencement March".....*Bartlett-Trutschel*
Vocal Class.

DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS—JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Recitation—King Rhoud.....*M. Vandergift*
Miss L. Williams.

DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS—PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Vocal Trio—Il Trovatore.....
Misses Bruhn, Murphy and English

DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS—SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Cavatina—Crown Diamonds.....Miss M. Bruhn
GREAT ST. ROSE, AND LITTLE SAINTS ROSE.

(An Original Drama.)

The Juniors and Minims.

FEST-KLANGE.....*Liszt*
Three Pianos. The Misses Barlow, Shephard and Bruhn.
Recitation—Gualberto's Victory.....*Miss E. C. Donnelly*
Miss S. St. Clair.

Chorus—"Approach of Spring".....*N. W. Gade*
Accompanied, 1st Piano, Miss Shephard; 2d Piano, Miss Barlow.

CONFERRING GRADUATING GOLD MEDALS—ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT.

CONFERRING GRADUATING GOLD MEDALS—CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

PRIZE MEDALS.

DISTRIBUTION OF CROWNS AND HONORS IN THE SENIOR, PREPARATORY AND JUNIOR DEPARTMENTS.

Valedictory.....Miss Barlow
Oration.....Right Rev. John L. Spalding, D. D.
Ungarischer Sturm Marsch.....*F. R. Liszt*
Misses Horn, Fuller, Scully, M. F. Murphy, Guise, Reidinger, Snowhook and Wolvin.
Harps.....Misses Dillon and Fitzpatrick.

The exercises opened with the grand entrance of the pupils to the music of Wagner's famous "Kaiser" march. Its broad massive harmonies were enhanced by the two new pianos, one upright, Reed & Son's manufacture, the other a fine Knabe. These, added to a "Baby grand" and a square—Weber—with the harps, produced an orchestral effect. The performers were Misses Barlow and E. Carney; M. Bruhn, E. Horn, L. Van Horn, Morrison, M. Rend and H. Guise; Misses Shephard and D. Fitzpatrick, harpists. Of all the compositions used for entrances at St. Mary's the "Kaiser" is pre-eminent. It demands firmness of touch, precision of time, and ensemble and appreciative phrasing. These points were perfectly carried out and the whole eighteen hands were as one pair. The next number was a chorus by the vocal class—duet, trio and chorus—by Bartlett-Trutschel. Its rendition verified the expectations excited by the singing of this class yesterday. As the name indicated, the *tempo* was martial, the voices soaring in regular *crescendo* towards the *finale*. It had one fault, being entirely too short. Miss Barlow's accompaniment was appropriate to the subject.

Following this came the distribution of premiums in the Junior department, which was followed by Miss L. Williams in a well-presented recitation, "King Rhoud." Then came the vocal trio from "Il Trovatore." It was carefully rendered by Misses Bruhn, B. English and M. F. Murphy. The special beauties of Verdi's compositions are so well known, we may only say its interpretation was as beautiful as the composition, in consequence of the combined tones of these fresh youthful voices. The next number, the solo *par excellence*, was a cavatina from "Les Diamans de la Couronne," by Auber, in the florid variations of which Miss Bruhn's cultivated voice found free scope. Her artistic vocalization in *legato* and *staccato* passages, scales and skips were true to pitch and brilliant execution. Miss Bruhn is a singer of great merit.

A great feature in the programme was the original drama, "Great St. Rose, and Little Saints Rose," performed by the Juniors and Minims amidst much deserved applause. After it the music graduates, Misses Barlow, A. Shephard and M. Bruhn, took seats at three pianos. The piece selected for their final effort, ere receiving the Conservatory Gold Medal, is always one of classic worth, full of technical difficulties and varied expressions,—in short, a test of individual skill. For this purpose no better could have been chosen than Liszt's "Fest Klange." The three ladies began a heavy, short movement of majestic grandeur, which thrilled every nerve, then sank into a few bars of subdued melody, played alone by Miss Barlow,

accompanied on another piano by Miss Shephard; the motion imperceptibly increasing into another tutti passage, bright and joyous, the time changed to polonaise style which required a different technique, a few zephyr-like strains by Miss Bruhn, and again an outburst of the first subject, more richly harmonized in imitation, leading to a slow choral sostenuto on two pianos, the third accompanying in full choral tremolos. This tremendous passage stopped suddenly, Miss Shephard taking up the choral theme in melting accents, to which Miss Barlow added a light *staccato*, which gave a charming effect, ending in a loud *stretto* on an organ point. Miss Bruhn's solo passage was calm and restful in Rubato style. The grand "Finale Tutte" in full presto was both elastic and powerful. This number proved the medals were earned by faithful study and patience.

Miss E. C. Donnelly's "Gualberto's Victory" was the next recitation on the programme, and its beauties were fully illustrated to the audience by Miss S. St. Clair's rendition. The last chorus of the programme, "Approach of Spring," by Niels W. Gade, with an accompaniment on two pianos by Misses Shephard and Barlow, was different from all the other vocal numbers. Descriptive in style: light breezes whisper, birds sing, trees mirrored in placid waters so suggested by tone painting that the voices catching the inspiration poured forth in mirthful gladness.

Then came the conferring of the Graduating Gold Medals in the Academic department and in the Conservatory of Music, the awarding of Prize Medals, and the distribution of Crowns and Honors in the Senior, Preparatory and Junior departments. This is always the most interesting hour for the pupils and their parents. The Valedictory followed. The Valedictorian was Miss Virginia B. Barlow, daughter of B. S. Barlow, Esq., of Streator, Ill. Her production showed exalted thought and deep feeling and was a credit to the young lady and to the Academy. The Oration by Right Rev. Bishop Spalding was listened to with the closest interest throughout. It contained much good advice to the young ladies and breathed throughout a spirit of great devotion to the cause of education and religion.

After the exercises of the day were finished, Liszt's "Ungarischer Sturm Marsche" was played for retiring. This was truly a triumphal grand ending. The stirring rhapsody measures, peculiar to the great Hungarian writer, sang out like a band, harps and pianos blending in perfect harmony. The performers were Misses Horn, M. Fuller, M. Scully, M. F. Murphy, H. Guise, A. Reidenger, C. Morrison, L. Van Horn. Harps, Misses Dillon and D. Fitzpatrick.

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THE ART EXHIBIT.

The most interesting feature of the Commencements at St. Mary's is the display of art and fancy work by the pupils. It is always the centre of attraction and it always evokes the highest plaudits from the crowds of people who inspect it during

Commencement week. All day yesterday the art rooms were crowded by visitors from far and near, and the exhibits of oil and crayon work, as well as china painting and fancy work, was the finest ever displayed at St. Mary's. In these rooms were arranged with singularly good taste the products of skill representing a year's laborious work and study on the part of the pupils. A glance at the many exquisite gems of art here displayed will show the high degree of perfection which these pupils have attained in the various departments. To look at them is an inspiration. It is unspeakably gratifying to know that so many young ladies are here acquiring those accomplishments through which they will be enabled to make the world more beautiful for their having lived in it. The Medal for General Excellence in the Art department was taken this year by Miss Philomena Ewing, of Lancaster, Ohio. She has the largest display of studies, among which are two large fine crayon portraits.

A superior copy of "Gregori's Magdalen," by Miss Anna Heckard, whose work ranks among the best in the Studio, was noticed by *connoisseurs*, as was also a beautiful water-color painting of the Blessed Virgin on parchment, and some fine studies in crayon and oil by Miss Fuller, who exhibits extraordinary talent and industry.

Next in point of general excellence comes Miss Marguerite Otero, of Mexico, whose lustra painting on plush attracted the attention of every young lady who visited the rooms. Some work on china, a beautiful table scarf, and some fruit and tea sets were also among the collection. Some exquisite "peacocks" in lustra work and a fine exhibit in china painting were the work of the Misses Addie and Alice Gordon, of Elkhart, Ind. Miss Grace Stadler displayed two large handsome mirrors of unique design, also some very pretty toilet sets. Miss Nora Meehan showed much cultivation in a mirror and a display of landscapes, and Miss Agnes Egan's landscapes and panels found many admirers. A beautiful fire screen of cherry wood with panels of exquisite design was the work of Miss Munger, of Eureka, Kansas. A handsome piano cover of plush and satin, by the Sisters of the Academy, found many admirers among the ladies, who seemed never to grow tired of inspecting it. The most meritorious pieces of genuine art were the seven paintings in oil representing the life and sufferings of Our Saviour. They were painted by the Sisters of the Academy, and are designed for the new church which is in process of construction. There were hundreds of other gems of art, among which one might spend a whole day very profitably.

In the fancy-work department Miss Delia Fitzpatrick carried away the honors, having a display of 36 pieces, consisting of piano covers, banners, arasene work, sofa, pillow, and toilet sets. Two designs, one of chestnuts and another of corn, exquisitely wrought upon silk, received many compliments from the visitors. Other very beautiful exhibits of work in plush and silk were made by the Miss Agnes Egan, Laura Williams, Ida Bubb, Lucy Constantine, Mable Barry and Bertha Lauer.

The following are the Honors, Prizes and Awards of Conduct:

GRADUATING HONORS.

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT.

GRADUATING GOLD MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS were conferred on Miss Virginia Barlow, Gallipolis, Ohio; Miss Martha L. Munger, Eureka, Kansas; Miss Elizabeth Carney, Marienette, Wis., and Miss Anna Heckard, Tolona, Ill.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

GRADUATING MEDALS were conferred on Miss Virginia Barlow, Gallipolis, Ohio; Miss Ada Shephard, Arlington, Neb., and Miss Mary Bruhn, Texarkana, Texas.

GRADUATING MEDAL IN VOCAL DEPARTMENT was conferred on Miss Marie Bruhn, Texarkana, Texas.

PRIZE MEDALS.

Gold Medals for Christian Doctrine—one presented by Right Rev. Jos. Dwenger, D. D., Fort Wayne, Ind.; one presented by Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Regan, Indianola, Texas—were awarded *ex æquo* to Miss Mary E. Carney, Marienette, Wis., and Miss A. Heckard, Tolona, Ill.

Gold Medal for French—presented by Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of Holy Cross—was awarded to Miss M. L. Bruhn, Texarkana, Texas.

Gold Medal for Drawing and Painting—presented by Dr. J. Toner, Washington, D. C.—was awarded to Miss Philomena Ewing, Lancaster, O.

Silver Medal for General Drawing—presented by Dr. J. Toner, Washington, D. C.—was awarded to Miss E. North, Adel, Iowa.

Gold Medal for History—presented by Prof. J. F. Edwards, University Notre Dame—was awarded to Miss V. Barlow, Gallipolis, Ohio.

Gold Medal for Penmanship—presented by Feely & Co., Providence, R. I.—was awarded to Miss B. Heckard.

Gold Medal for Best Essay—presented by Mrs. W. W. Williams, Benton Harbor, Mich.—was awarded to Miss M. L. Munger, Eureka, Kan.

Two Gold Medals for Elocution—one presented by Mrs. T. P. Barry, Englewood, Ill., and one by a friend—were awarded *ex æquo* to Miss Suphronia St. Clair, Chicago, Ill., and Miss L. Williams, Benton Harbor, Mich.

Gold Medal for German—presented by the late Miss Catharine Fehr, Louisville, Ky.—was awarded to Miss Estelle Horn, Columbus, Ohio.

Gold Medal in Junior Department for Politeness—presented by Mr. J. L. Cummings, of Chicago, Illinois—was awarded to Miss Frances Hertzog, Cloutoeville, La.

Gold Medal in Junior Department for Elocution—presented by Mrs. M. A. Ryerson, Chicago, Ill.—was awarded to Miss G. Regan, Indianola, Texas.

Gold Medal in the Junior Department for Improvement in Conduct—presented by Miss Manuelita Chaves, Belen, New Mexico—was awarded to Miss S. Campeau.

Gold Medal in the Junior Department for Improvement in French Conversation—presented by Miss L. Van Horn, Fort Elliott, Texas—was awarded to Miss Isabella Snowhook, Chicago, Ill.

Gold Medals renewed—For Elocution, '84-'85, Miss M. L. Munger, Eureka, Kansas. For Politeness, 1886, Minim Department, Miss Ella Blaine.

CROWNS.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability and correct deportment.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Crowns *par excellence* were awarded to Misses M. L. Bruhn, A. Heckard, M. L. Munger, E. Carney, V. Barlow, E. Kearns, E. Brady, L. St. Clair, M. Scully, C. Scully, A. White, B. Kearney and J. McHale.

Crowns were awarded to Misses M. F. Murphy, A. Egan, C. Lang, A. Butler, A. Henry, S. St. Clair, E. Donnelly, M. Dillon, C. Shields, C. Griffith, B. English, M. Hummer, L. Levy, A. Donnelly, A. Kennedy, E. Claggett, M. Fuller, E. Horn, G. Stadtler, E. Allnoch, A. Reidinger, B. Desenberg, E. Walsh, F. Kingsbury, L. Williams, F. Wynn, B. Heckard, L. Clendenen, L. Meehan, E. Coll, A. Shephard, B. Lauer and D. Fitzpatrick.

Honorably Mentioned for Politeness, Amiability, and Correct Deportment, but in consequence of not having been at St. Mary's the required time, do not receive Crowns:—Misses C. Farnsworth, E. Dart, R. Fenton, A. Cox, M. Neff, F. Thornton, E. Stocksdales, H. Nester, E. Harlem, M. Patrick, M. Stafford, E. Carroll, M. Rend, A. Monahan, A. Livingston, C. Griffin, F. Moore, E. Flannery, A. Beschameng, M. Beckmann, E. Foin, N. Green, I. Wynn and I. Moon.

FIRST HONORS—Misses A. Gordon, H. Nagle, H. Rose, M. McNamara, I. Bubb, M. Kearsy, N. Meehan, M. Lyons, F. Carmien and H. Guise.

SECOND HONORS—Misses E. North, F. Robb, M. Blair, C. Morrison and L. Haas.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Crowns *par excellence* were awarded to Misses Hertzog, Prudhomme, Griffith and Keyes.

Crowns—Misses M. McEwen, M. Smith, M. Coll, E. Balch, T. Balch, M. Duffield and Regan. Honorably Mentioned—Miss L. Bragdon.

FIRST HONORS—Misses E. Sheekey, B. Snowhook, M. Mason, B. Pierce, S. Campau, H. Smart, M. Barry, T. Haney, M. Paul.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Crowns *par excellence* were awarded to Misses E. Blaine, E. Quealy, C. Caddigan.

Crowns—Misses H. Rhodes, M. Lindsay. Honorably Mentioned—Miss E. Kendall.

FIRST HONORS—Misses Wallace, T. Spencer.

Who is wise? He that learns from everyone.
Who is powerful? He that governs his passions.
Who is rich? He that is content.